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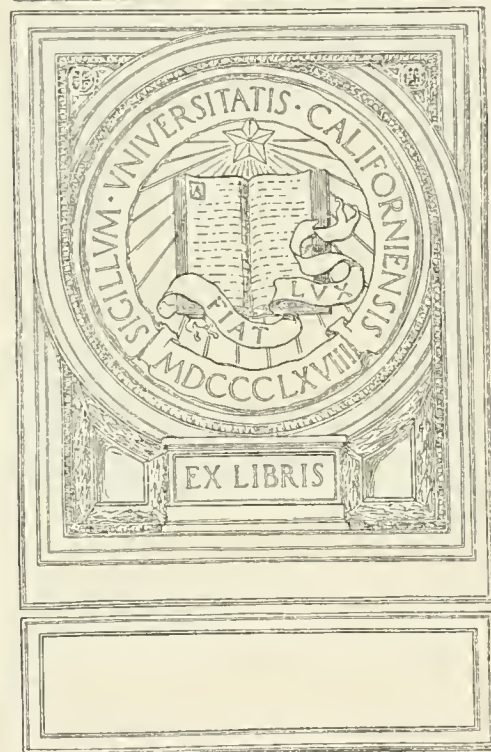
MYTHS

OF THE

CHEROKEE

MACGILL

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





SONGS AND HYMNS OF THE GAEL.

THE
ONGS AND YMNS
OF THE GAEL,

WITH TRANSLATIONS AND MUSIC,

AND AN INTRODUCTION.

BY L. MACBEAN.

STIRLING :
ENEAS MACKAY, 43 MURRAY PLACE.

1900.

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PREFACE.

THE very kind reception given to this collection by the Press has emboldened the Editor to allow it to be republished. There are other very excellent collections of Highland Music and Songs, but as this book contains several melodies not printed elsewhere (for example, Nos. 3, 8, 16, and 31 of Part I., and Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 32 of Part II.), and as there is as yet no other collection of Highland Sacred Music, it is perhaps not desirable that the book should remain out of print.

Cordial thanks are here tendered to the many friends who have kindly assisted in collecting or revising either tunes or words.



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HIGHLAND SONGS, HYMNS, AND MUSIC.

THE Songs of the Scottish Highlands form a literary heritage that will well repay study. They are remarkably rich in the lighter graces of poetry—endless variety of metrical form, and opulence of rhyme, and melodies that are both striking and sweet. Their characteristic beauties and their limitations are perhaps both alike due to their being so intensely native. The feelings expressed are simple, and scenery and incidents are redolent of the Highlands. At a period when the popular songs of other countries were stilted and artificial, the songs of the North were natural and true. English versifiers might affect longings after the myrtle groves and artificial poses of classic times, but the Gaelic bards delineated with loving art the beauties of the mountain landscapes, and the deep, simple emotions of Highland hearts.

The LOVE OF NATURE in all her moods is indeed the deepest characteristic of Highland song, which in this anticipated the loftier flights of Burns and Wordsworth. A good example of Duncan Ban Macintyre's appreciation of Nature will be found in No. 17 of this collection, "Coire Cheathaich," and it pervades the muse of his contemporary, Alexander Macdonald, whose praise of the moorland heather is worth translating—

The bonny, clinging, clustering
Dear heather growing slenderly,
With snowy honey lustering
And tassels hanging tenderly ;
In pink and brownish proud array,
With springy flexibility,
With scented wig all powdery,
To keep up its gentility.

In more dignified strain we have the ode to the sun by Ossian, or some unknown bard—

Thou movest in thy might alone,
For who hath power to travel near ?
The ageless oak shall yet fall prone,
The hoary hills shall disappear.
The changing main shall ebb and flow,
The waning moon be lost in night,
Thou only shalt victorious go,
Forever joying in thy light.

The LOVE SONGS, numerous, full of headlong passion, and set to very attractive melodies,

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form the largest class, and their fervour and naiveté give them a certain piquancy which is not unpleasing. But the graces and felicities of the HOME are not forgotten ; there are many poetic addresses to newly-made brides and frolicking boys and girls, and lullabies to the babies. One of the most popular songs in the Highlands is a lilt to a little Highland lassie—

O, my darling Mary, O, my dainty pearl !
O, my rarest Mary, O, my fairest girl !
Lovely little Mary, treasure of my soul,
Sweetest, neatest Mary, born in far Glen Smole.

The PATRIOTIC SONGS are a large class, for the Highlanders love their barren land—her very dust to them is dear.” Her historic scenes and the Highland dress, language, and music are never-failing themes, in discoursing on which the bards occasionally added such half-serious and wholly forgivable touches of exaggeration as the following—

Now, let me tell you of the speech and music of the Gael,
For Gaelic is a charming tongue to tell a bardic tale,
Fain would I sing its praises—pure and rushing, ready, ripe,
For Gaelic’s the best language, the best music is the pipe !

But of all the Northern songs the elegies and other LAYS OF SORROW are the most striking and characteristic. The Highland Lament is a thing by itself, having no exact counterpart in any other language, its wild, rich music presenting a perfect picture of the weird and grand scenery in which it had its origin. The Gaelic race has been cradled into poetry by suffering, and its spirit has been bathed in the gloom of lonely glens and northern skies. Hence its songs have always given superb expression to what Ossian calls “the joy of grief.” There is, however, this difference, that while in the older songs the sadness is unrelieved and oppressive, the more modern introduce a chord of sweetness to form a very luxury of sorrow. Thus a bard laments the death of a child—

She died—as dies in eastern skies
The rosy clouds the dawn adorning ;
The envious sun makes haste to rise
And drown them in the blaze of morning.

She died—as dies upon the gale
A harp’s pure tones in sweetness blending.
She died—as dies a lovely tale
But new begun, yet sudden ending.

In bright contrast to these lays of grief are the HUMOROUS SONGS—serio-comic ballads, parodies, and biting satires, the latter being far too numerous.

With the exception of the wickedness in these satiric outbursts and a passing wave of depravity that swept over Highland poesy in the end of last century, the songs are pure and noble. Their ETHICS are remarkably high, and their continued popularity and influence among the Gaelic population must be regarded with satisfaction.

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The LANGUAGE in which these lyrics have been composed is one that is unusually well fitted to be the vehicle of sentiment, readily lending itself to those little garnishments in which Celtic poets delight. It is rich, mellifluous, and copious in poetic terms, especially adjectives, which the bards used with lavish but discriminate profusion. Of its expressiveness and natural poetry, these bards had the highest opinion—

This is the language Nature nursed
And reared her as a daughter ;
The language spoken at the first
By air and earth and water,
In which we hear the roaring sea,
The wind, when it rejoices,
The rushes' chant, the river's glee,
The valley's evening voices.

From a literary point of view one great charm of Gaelic verse lies in the extraordinary diversity and complexity of its METRES. Abundant use is made of the ordinary measures familiar in English poetry—the iambus and the trochee—but recourse is also had to the difficult anapaest and the high-strung dactyl, and all four are woven into numberless combinations, such as would delight the soul of an English poet, but of which English itself is unfortunately incapable on account of its limited selection of dissyllabic and trisyllabic rhymes. A common device of the Gaelic bards was to make the latter half of each stanza the first of the next stanza, as in No. 12, Part I., of this collection. Of course, that arrangement required the same rhyme to be maintained throughout the whole song, but such is the wealth of Gaelic assonance that this was accomplished with ease. Indeed, it is no unusual thing for eleven out of twelve lines to rhyme, and sometimes one rhyme is carried through twenty verses. The most common form of verse in all Gaelic poetry—Scottish and Irish, ancient and modern—is one in which the close of one line rhymes with an accented syllable in the middle of the following line. This leonine rhyme may be exemplified by the opening verse of the ancient poem known as “The Aged Bard's Wish”—

Oh, lay me by the burnie's *side*,
Where gently *glide* the limpid streams,
Let branches bend above my *head*,
And round me *shed*, O Sun ! thy beams.

But in many songs every line bristles with rhymed words, often words of more than one syllable, as in the song No. 16 or hymn No. 4. This free use of intricate rhymes, combined with the headlong sweep of rhythm found in the best songs, can only be imperfectly reproduced in English, but an imitation of one of Macdonald's stanzas may illustrate some points of the literary structure of Gaelic verse—

Clan Ranald, ever glorious, victorious nobility,
A people proud and fearless, of peerless ability,
Fresh honours ever gaining, disdaining servility,

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Attacks can never move them but prove their stability.
High of spirit, they inherit merit, capability,
Skill, discreetness, strength and featness, fleetness and agility ;
Shields to batter, swords to shatter, scatter with facility
Whoever braves their ire and their fiery hostility.

Neither is the aid of apt alliteration neglected in the adornment of these songs, which indeed possess, in an unusual degree, all the attractions of form and colour found in the best lyrical poetry.

The Music of Gaelic Songs bears a family resemblance to that of the Scottish Lowlands, but with all its peculiarities accentuated. In point of fact, the music of South and North was originally the same, for the Scottish Lowlanders in discarding the ancient language of the Scots had the good sense to retain their melodies. Further, it is well known that from the days of Burns, and probably from a much earlier date, the national music of Scotland has been increasingly enriched by the adaptation of Gaelic tunes to Scotch or English words. These tunes follow closely the rhythm of the Gaelic words, and therein lie much of their undoubted power and originality. But this very connection has a peculiar effect on the English songs, to which many of the airs are wedded. All Gaelic words are accented on the first syllable, and in consequence lines end with an unaccented, or sometimes two unaccented syllables. Of course, the melodies follow this peculiarity—the tunes, or parts of a tune, seldom ending on the note after the bar. In the English and Scotch dialects, however, the range of dissyllabic and trisyllabic rhymes is extremely narrow, and Scottish poets have been compelled to eke it out by using diminutives and plurals, and adding numerous “O’s” at the ends of lines, in their efforts to bend the intractable Saxon tongue to the cadences of Gaelic music. Similarly the characteristic of Scottish airs, known as “the Scotch snap,” is to be attributed to the greater difference made in Gaelic between vowels that are long and accented and those that are short and unaccented. The absence of the seventh note, B (te), in the ancient Scottish scale no doubt added to the quaintness of the national airs, but a much more striking feature was, and is, its modal character. The old harpers are said to have been extremely fond of the major mode, *an ù*, but that mode does not obtain in Gaelic tunes, as now sung, the predominance which it has in other modern music. One of the stumbling-blocks which the ordinary musician finds in Scottish music is that, not content with the ordinary major or even the more uncommon minor, it must wander away into the rough and unfamiliar Dorian mode. But in Gaelic music this peculiarity is emphasised, the tunes in the mode of the second (ray) being, if anything, more numerous than those in any other mode, while it is not unusual to meet with melodies in the modes of the third, fourth, and fifth notes of the scale. Probably, however, the intrinsic beauties of Gaelic airs will be found sufficient recompense for these and other singularities which, in the eyes of many admirers, are but additional beauties.

The HYMNS of the Scottish Highlands have hitherto attracted little notice ; nevertheless they are fairly numerous and many of them possess great merit. They are never used in public

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worship now, but they were certainly used in early times, and a few hymns of the ancient Columban Church have been preserved in monastic libraries—antique compositions in Latin or Gaelic, or both. In the middle ages the sacred poetry would seem to have been of a lower type—imaginary conversations like the so-called “Prayer of Ossian,” preserved in the Dean of Lismore’s Book (1512), and verses to be used as charms. The modern sacred poetry of the North began with Dugald Buchanan by the shores of Loch Rannoch about the middle of last century, but the most voluminous and popular writer of Gaelic hymns has been the Rev. Peter Grant of Strathspey, whose collection, first issued in 1809, is highly esteemed throughout the Highlands and the Gaelic districts of Canada, under the name of the lays of Padruig Grannd. Besides these poets there have been many hymn-writers in the North—MacGregor, MacLean, Morrison, and others, some of whom have contributed but one successful hymn to the sacred anthology of their country. In that anthology it will be found that, along with undoubted orthodoxy, there is a certain echo of the secular songs, which is particularly noticeable in the use of poetic phrases such as *Dia nan dùl*, “God of the elements,” *Dia nam fear*, “God of (many) attributes,” *Slanuighear nam buadh*, “Saviour of (many) victories.” The hymnology of the Highlands shows little trace of the religious currents of the present century, and its chief characteristic is a sad earnestness, rising at times into a passionate pessimism. A stern theology harmonises well with the environment and history of the Highlander, and whether as Pagan or as Calvinist he is most like himself when chanting eternal “Misereres” of unutterable pathos. The three great themes of Highland hymns are Sin, Death, and Judgment—a trinity which is very real to the sacred bard, and whose shadow lies across all his thoughts. Hence the solemnity and awe of many of the hymns. What English poet would think of presenting for our meditation a picture such as this—

For mortal man life is quickly past,
The King of Terrors shall hold him fast,
When sick and dying, behold him crying—
“Ah ! tell me, friends, is this death at last ?”

“What throes of anguish are these,” he saith,
“That rend my bosom and stop my breath ?
New terror thrills me, strange horror chills me—
Oh, tell me truly, can this be death ?”

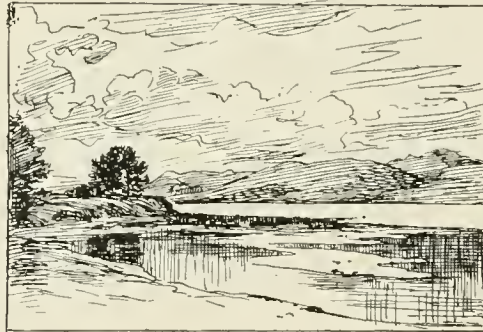
Yet the pages of Buchanan and Grant contain verses even more terrible than these. At the same time it would be a grave misrepresentation to say that all Highland hymns are of this gloomy cast ; even in the present collection will be found many Christian songs of the brightest and happiest description, though, happily, the language contains no hymns that show the levity frequently found in popular English hymn-books.

The SACRED MUSIC of the Highlands has a close affinity to the secular melodies, and in some cases Gaelic and other suitable tunes seem to have been adapted to sacred words. But numbers of the hymns have their own proper tunes, many of them sweet, expressive, and in every way worthy to be the exponents of religious feeling.

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Besides the hymn tunes, there is another class of sacred melodies in the Highlands which is very interesting—the Psalm tunes, which differ widely from those familiar to the English-speaking world. This is specially true of the small number of very long and elaborate tunes that have been used in the North for many generations, and which are known as the “old” tunes. Their origin is unknown, for though there is a tradition that they were brought into Scotland by devout Highland soldiers returning from the Protestant wars of Gustavus Adolphus, they bear little resemblance to the Psalm tunes of Sweden and Germany. If, indeed, any such imported foreign music formed the basis of Gaelic psalmody, the superstructure has probably been moulded by the chants used in Highland worship before the importation took place. In the Psalm tunes as we now have them, the predominance of local colouring is very marked, and it may be said that, even more than the unquestionably native music of the hymns, these Psalm tunes express the deep seriousness of Highland religion.

The present collection contains the six “old” tunes, as well as the Highland forms of the modern Psalm tunes, and in preparing it the editor has had the intelligent and valuable assistance of Gaelic-speaking ministers and precentors.



PART I.

Songs of the Gael.

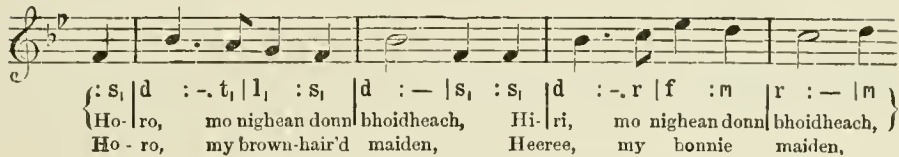
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SONGS OF THE GAEL.

1—MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH—MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

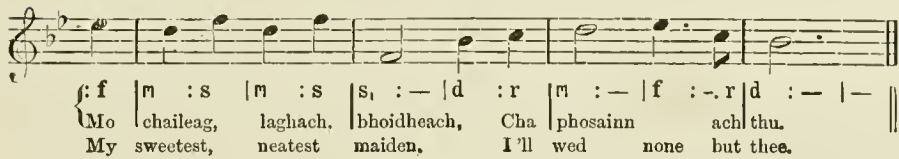
KEY B \flat .—Beating twice to the measure.



{ s₁ | d : - . t₁ | l₁ : s₁ | d : - | s₁ : s₁ | d : - . r | f : m | r : - | m }

{ Ho- ro, mo nighean donn bhoidheach, Hi- ri, mo nighean donn bhoidheach, }

Ho - ro, my brown-hair'd maiden, Heeree, my bonnie maiden,



{ f : m : s | m : s | s₁ : - | d : r | m : - | f : - . r | d : - | - }

{ Mo chaileag, laghach. bhoidheach, Cha phosainn ach thu. }

My sweetest, neatest maiden, I'll wed none but thee.

A Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shuil,
Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit,
Tha d' iomhaigh, ghaoil, is d' ailleachd
A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort,
'S ged chaidh mi uat air faondradh
Cha chaochail mo rùn.

Nuair hha ann ad lathair
Bu shona bha mo laithean,
A scalbhachadh do mhanrain
Is àille do ghnais.

Gnais aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda,
Na b-oigh is caomha nadur,
I suairee, ceanail, baigheil,
Lan grais agus muirn.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn gheannar,
Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh,
An gleann fad o shuil.

O maid whose face is fairest,
The beauty that thou bearest,
Thy witching smile the rarest,
Are ever with me.

Though far from thee I'm ranging
My love is not estranging,
My heart is still unchanging
And aye true to thee.

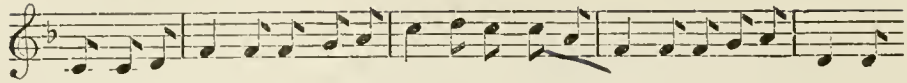
Oh, blest was I when near thee,
To see thee and to hear thee,
These memories still endear thee
For ever to me.

Thy smile is brightest, purest,
Best, kindest, demurest,
With which thou still allurest
My heart's love to thee.

Where Highland hills are swelling
My darling has her dwelling;
A fair wild rose excelling
In sweetness is she.

2—OCH, OCH! MAR THA MI—OCH, OCH! HOW LONELY.

KEY F.—*With expression.*



(.s₁ : s₁. l₁ | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . s : s . m | d : d . d : r . m | l₁ : l₁.)
 {Och, och! mar tha mi is mi 'nam aonar, A dol troimh choill far an robh mi eolach, }
 Och, och! how lonely to wander weary Thro' scenes endearing with none beside me!



(.s₁ : s₁. l₁ | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . t : d' . l | s : m . d : r . m | d d . ||
 {Nach fhaigh mi d' ann am fhearann duthchais, Ged phaighinn crun airson leud na broige. }
 For all around now to me is dreary, My native land has a home denied me.

Neo-bhinn an fhuaim leam a dhuigs o m' shuain mi,
 'Se tighinn a nuas orm o bhruaich nam mor-bheann,
 An ciobair Gallda 's cha chòrd a chainnt rium,
 E glaothaich thall ri cu mall an dolais.

Moch maduinn Cheitein, an am dhomh eirigh,
 Cha cheol air gheugan, no geum air mointich,
 Ach sgreadail bheisdean 's a chanain bheurla,
 Le coin 'g an eigheach, cur feidh air fogar.

An uair a chi mi na beanntan arda,
 'San fhearannaigh 's an robh Fionn a chomhnuidh,
 Cha-n fhaic mi 'n aite ach na caoraich bhana,
 Is Gaill gun aireamh 's a h-uile comhail.

'Na glinne chiatach 's am faighteadh fiadhach,
 'M biodh coin air iallan aig gillean oga,
 Cha-n fhaic thu 'n dingh ann ach ciobair stiallach,
 'S gur duibhe mheuran na sgiath na rocais.

Chaidh gach abhaist a chuir air fuadach,
 Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri duan no oran;
 Nach bochd an sgeul e gu'n d' shearg ar n-uaislean,
 'S na balaich shuarach n'an aitean-comhnuidh?

What sounds unsweet have disturbed me, marring
 The long-sought slumbers around me falling?
 The Lowland shepherd, with accent jarring,
 Directs his sheepdog with hideous bawling.

No more are mornings in spring delightful
 With deer soft lowing and woodland warbles,
 The deer have fled from these barkings frightful,
 And loud the stranger his jargon garbles.

Our Highland mountains with purple heather,
 Where Fingal fought and his heroes slumber,
 Are white with sheep now for miles together,
 And filled with strangers whom none can number.

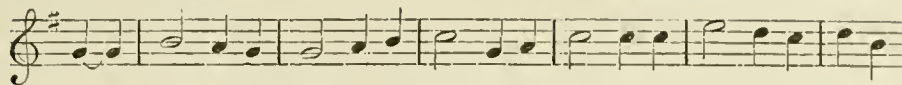
The lovely glens where the deer long lingered
 And our fair youths went with hounds to find them,
 Are now the home of the long black-fingered
 And lazy shepherds with dogs behind them.

The ancient customs and clans are banished,
 No more are songs on the breezes swelling,
 Our Highland nobles alas! are vanished,
 And worthless upstarts are in their dwelling

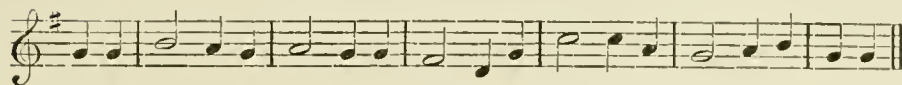
Author—the late Dr. MACLACHLAN.

3—LEABAIDH GHUILL—THE BED OF GAUL.

KEY G.—*With feeling.*



{ d : d m : - | r : d d : - | r : m f : - | d : r f : - | f : f l : - | s : f s : m }
 O caraibh, a chlanna nan teud, Leabaidh Ghull is a dheo greine lamhris,
 O ye bards, make the last bed of Gaul, With his sunbeam of war laid be side him,



{ d : d m : - | r : d r : - | d : d t : - | s : d f : - | f : r d : - | r : m d : d } ||
 Far am faicear a leabaidh an céin, Agus geuga is airde 'ga sgàile ||
 Where the shade of this great tree shall fall, And its branches from tempests shall hide him.

Fo sgeith daraig a's guirme blath,
 Is luaith' fàs, agus dreach a's buaine,
 Bhruchdas duilleach air anail na frois
 'S an raon bhi seargta m'an cuairt di.

A duilleach o iomal na tire
 Chitear le eoin an t-samhraidh,
 Is laidhidh gach eun mar a thig e
 Air barraibh na geige urair.

Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo,
 Is oighean a seinn air Aoibhir-chaomha;
 'S gus an caochail gach ní dhiubh so,
 Cha sgarar bhur cuimhne o cheile.

Gus an crion gu luaithre a chlach,
 'S an searg as le aois a gheug so,
 Gus an sguir na sruthan a ruith,
 'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhte,

Gus an caillear an dilinn aois
 Gach filidh, is dàn, 's aobhar-sgeile,
 Cha'n fheoraich an t-aineal 'Co mac Moirne?
 No 'Cia i comhnuidh Rìgh na Strumein?'

This green spreading oak is his hower,
 Fair growing and lovely and lasting;
 Its leaves drink the breath of the shower
 While the drought all around it is blasting.

Its leaves from afar shall be seen,
 And the birds of the summer, swift winging,
 Alight on its boughs wide and green—
 From his mist Gaul shall hear their sweet singing.

Evircoma shall hear how her praise
 The songs of the maidens shall cherish;
 Till everything round us decays,
 Your memory from earth shall not perish.

Till this stone has been crumbled away,
 Till the streams cease to flow from the mountains,
 Till this tree with old age shall decay,
 And drought dries from the hills all the fountains,

Till the great flood of ages has run
 Over bards, songs and all that is human,
 None need ask, Who was Morni's great son?
 Or, Where dwells the brave King of Strumon?

Author—OSSIAN.

4—BANARACH DHONN A CHRUIDH—MAID OF THE DAIRY.

KEY F.

{ r | r : - . m : s | l : - . s : t . d | r' : - . l : d' | s : - . d : f . m | s : d' : m' }

{ A | bha . na - rach | mhlogach 'S e do ghaol 'thug fo | chls mi. 'S maththig | lamhainnean }

O white-handed maiden, My bosom is la - den, With love for the

CHORUS.

{ r' : - . d' : l . s | d' : - . m : d | r : - . r | d | r : m : s | l : - . r : f }

{ sloda Air do mhuln-bhosaibh | ba - na. | A | bhan - a - rach | dhonn a chruidh, }

maid - en That ne - ver shall va - ry. My bon - nie bright dai - rymaid,

{ r' : d' : l | s : - . m : d | r : m : s | r' : - . l : d' | s : - . m : d | r : - . r }

{ Chaoin a chruidh, | dhonn a chruidh, | Callin deas | donn a chruidh, | Cuachag an fhàsach. }

Fairy maid, dai - rymaid, Bonnie blythe dairymaid, Maid of the dairy.

'Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag,
A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh.
Dh' iadadh eunlaith gach doire,
Dh' éisdeachd coireal do mhànrain.

Ged a b' fhoannmhor an fhidheall,
'S a teudan an righeadh,
'S e 'bheireadh danns' air a' chridhe,
Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.

'Bheireadh dùlan na gréine,
'Dearsadh moch air foir d' eudainn,
'S gu 'm b' ait leam r' a léirsinn
Boillsgeadh éibhinn cùl Màiridh.

'S taitneach sinbhal a cuaillein
'G a chrathadh m' a cluasan,
A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,
An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fàsaich.

Gu 'm bu mhòthar mo bheadrach,
'Teachd do'n bhuaillidh mu 'n eadhrath,
Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,
'S buarach greasad an àil aic'.

A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,
Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh
Callin deas donn a' chruidh,
Cuachag an fhàsaich.

When Mary is singing
The birdies come winging,
And listen, low swinging,
On twigs light and airy.

My heart bounds with pleasure
To hear the sweet measure
That's sung by my treasure,
The maid of the dairy.

The sunshine soft streaming
Around her is beaming,
It's glowing and gleaming
On the locks of my Mary.

O'er the moors waste and dreary
Trips gaily my dearie,
With foot never weary,
As light as a fairy.

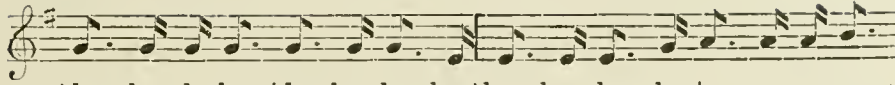
The maid of this ditty
Is charming and pretty,
She's wise and she's witty,
She's winning and wary.

My bonnie bright dairymaid,
Fairy maid, dairymaid,
Bonnie blythe dairymaid,
Maid of the dairy.

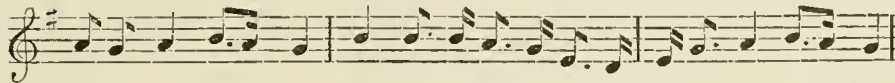
Gaelic words by ALEXANDER MACDONALD (Mac Mhaighstir

5—MORAG—JACOBITE SONG.

KEY G.



{ d .,d : d , d . - | d .,d : d .,l, | l, .,l, : l, .,d | r .,r : r ,m. - }
 Mhorag chiatach a chuill dualaich 'Se do luaidh a tha air m'aire, }
 Morag with the tresses flowing, I will praise thee with de - vo - tion.



{ r .d : r | m .,r : d | m : m ,m | r .,d : l, .,s, | l, d . - : r | m .,r : d ||
 Agus o Mhor - ag, ho - ro 'sna horo gheallaidh, Agus o Mhor - ag. ||
 Then horo, Mor - ag, ho - ro, the lovely lady, Then horo, Mor - ag.

'S ma dh' imich thu null thar chuan uainn
 Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.

'S cuimhnich, thoir leat bannal ghruagach
 A luaidheas an cloth ruadh gu daingeann.

O cha leiginn thu do'n bhuailidh
 Ohair thruailidh sin nan cailean.

Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuanag
 Aig am heil an cuailein barr-fhionn.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach
 Ciabhag na gruagaich glaine,

Do chùl pèncach sios 'na dhualaibh
 Dhalladh e naislean le lannir,

Sios 'na fheoirneinean mu'd ghualinean,
 Leadan cuaicheineach na h-ainnir.

'S iomadh leannan a th' aig Morag
 Eadar Mor-thir agus Arrainn.

'S iomadh gaisgeach deas de Ghaidheal
 Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarruing,

A rachadh le sgiathan 's le clàidhean
 Air bheag sgath gu bial nan canan,

Chunnartaicheadh dol an ordugh
 Thoir do chòrach mach a dh'aindeoin.

A rìgh, hu mhath 's an luath-laimh iad
 Nuair a thàirneadh iad an lannan.

H-uile cloth a luaidh iad riamh dluibh
 Dh' fhaig iad e gu ciatach daingeann.

Teann, tìugh, daingeann, fìgte, luaidhte
 Dait ruadh air thuar na fala.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luadhaidh
 'S theid na gruagaichean so mar-riut.

Agus o Mhorag, horo, 's na horo gheallaidh.

Far too soon has been thy going;
 Soon come back across the ocean.

Bring a band of maids for spreading
 And for dressing cloth of scarlet.

Thou shalt not go to the stading,
 Leave vile work to loon and varlet.

Oh, my Morag is the sweetest,
 With her lovely locks in cluster,

Coiled and curled in folds the sweetest,
 Gleaming bright with golden lustre;

Glowing ringlets, golden gleaming,
 Dazzle nobles who behold her;

Yellow tresses round her streaming,
 Fall in cascades on her shoulder.

Many a lover has my lady,
 In the mainland and the Islands;

Many a man with sword and plaidie
 She could summon from the Highlands,

Who would face the cannon's thunder
 Armed and for her honour plighted,

Driving hostile bands asunder
 Bound to see our lady righted.

Certes, but our maids are clever
 When they get their weapons ready,

Many a web they've sorted ever
 Firmly handled close and steady,

Thick and close and firm in pressing,
 Bloody-red, a dye unfading;

Come then with thy maids for dressing,
 We are ready here for aiding.

Then horo, Morag, horo, the lovely lady

Author—ALEXANDER MACDONALD

Morag represents Prince Charlie.

6—CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH RARSAIDH—RAASAY LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slow, and with feeling.*

(S₁ . l₁ | d : d : m₂ r | d : l₁ : S₁ l₁ | d : d : l | l . s :- : d¹ l | l : l₁ : d)
'S mi nam 'shuidh' air an fhaodh-lainn Gun fhaolte gun fhu-ran; Cha tog mi fonn
 Sitting sad - ly I sorrow, Heavy-hearted and ailing, I am songless and

CHORUS.

(| r : d : m₂ r | d : l₁ : d | r . r :- : r . m | l :- : d : r . d | l₁ :- : r . m)
ao . trom, O Dhi-hao - ine mo dhunach. Hi-il ò ho bha hó Hi-il
 cheerless, I am wea - ry with wailing. Hee-il ò ho - va hò Hee-il

(| r : l₁ : d | l :- : d¹ s | l : l₁ : d | r :- : r . m | l :- : d : r . d | l₁ : l₁ ||
ò ho bha ò, Hi-il ò ho bha ò Hi-il ò ro o-bba ell - la.
ò ho - va ò, Hee-il ò ho - va ò, Hee-il ò ro o-va ai - la.

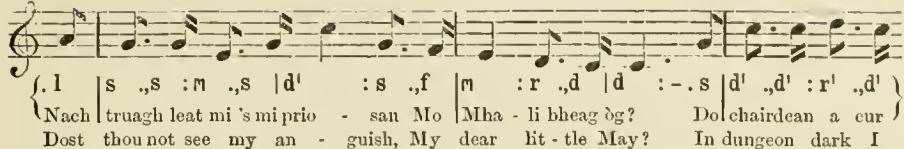
Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
 O Dhihaoine mo dhunach :
 O'n a chailleadh am bàta,
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh.
 O'n a chailleadh am bàta,
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh :
 'S i do ghuala bha làidir,
 Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu.
 'S i do ghuala 'bha làidir,
 Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu ;
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,
 'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,
 'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh :
 Gun sìod' air do chluasaig,
 Fo lic uaine na tuinne.
 Gun sìod' air do chluasaig,
 Fo lic uaine na tuinne ;
 Tha do chlaideamh 'na dhùnadh,
 Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag.
 Tha do chlaideamh 'na dhùnadh,
 Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag ;
 Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,
 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh.
 Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,
 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh ;
 Do fhrith nam beann àrda,
 No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuillinn.
 Do fhrith nam beann àrda,
 No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuillinn ;
 'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodhlainn,
 Gun fhaolte, gun fhu-ran.

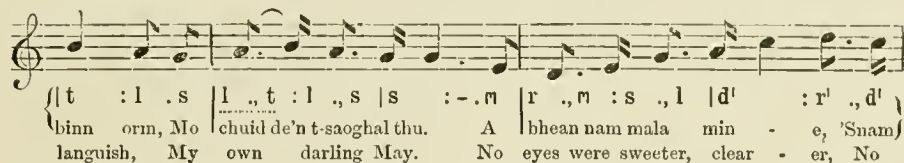
Since the day of my sorrow
 I am weary with wailing,
 Since the loss of the boatie,
 Where the hero was sailing.
 Since the loss of the boatie,
 Where the hero was sailing,
 Oh, strong was his shoulder,
 Though the sea was prevailing.
 Oh, strong was his shoulder,
 Though the sea was prevailing,
 Now he lies in the clachan
 Whom I am bewailing.
 Now he lies in the clachan,
 Whom I am bewailing,
 And a green grassy curtain
 His cold bed is veiling.
 And a green grassy curtain
 His cold bed is veiling,
 His sword in its scabbard
 The rust is assailing.
 His sword in its scabbard
 The rust is assailing,
 His hounds on their leashes,
 Their speed unavailing.
 His hounds on their leashes,
 Their speed unavailing,
 No more shall my hero
 His mountains be scaling.
 No more shall my hero
 His mountains be scaling,
 Sitting sadly, I sorrow,
 Heavy-hearted and ailing.

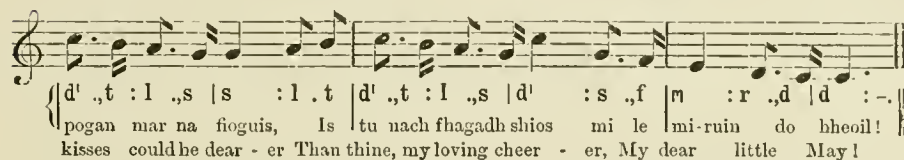
Composed on the death of IAIN GABH MACGHILLE-CALLUM of Raasay, by his sister

7—MO MHALI BHEAG OG—MY DEAR LITTLE MAY.

KEY C.








Di-domhnaich anns a ghleann duinn,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut,
Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal mhor;
Nuair dh'fhosgail mi mo shuilean
'S a sheall mi air mo chulaobh
Bha marcaich an eich chruthaich
Tigh'n dlu air mo lorg.
Is mise bh' air mo bhuaireadh,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Nuair thain' an sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn,
Mo ribhinn glan ur;
Is truagh nach ann 'san nair sin
A thuit mo lamb o m' ghualainn,
Mu'n d'amaid mi do bhualadh,
Mo Mhali bheag og.
Gur boidheche leam a dh' fhas thu,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Na'n lili anns an fhasach,
Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;
Mar aiteal caoin na greine
Am maduinn chiun ag eiridh,
B'e sud do dhreach is t-eugais
Mo Mhali bheag og.
Ged bheirte mi bho'n bhas so,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Cha'n iarrainn tuille dalach,
Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;
B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhagail,
'S gu'm faicinn t'aodann ghradhach,
Gun chuimhn' bhi air an am sin
'S an d' fhad mi thu ciuit'.


Oh! hapless love that sought thee,
My dear little May;
Oh! fatal tryste that brought thee
Along yon green brae;
We met with words endearing,
No evil were we fearing,
When horsemen came careering
In angry array.
My heart with anger bounded,
My dear little May,
To see us thus surrounded,
My lady so gay;
Oh, withered let this arm be
That ever chanced to harm thee,
I never would alarm thee,
My darling young May.
Oh, fairer wert thou, blooming,
My dear little May,
Than lily sweet, perfuming
Some glen far away,
Like morning glory gleaming,
Along the mountains streaming,
So was thy beauty beaming,
My bright little May.
What though my life were spared me,
My dear little May,
Now it can never shared be
With kind little May!
I long to go, and never
From thee again to sever,
And there forget that ever
I wounded my May.


Composed by a Highland officer, who accidentally killed a lady.

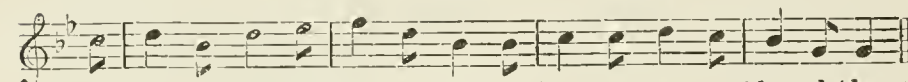
8-LAOIDH OISEIN DO'N GHRIAN—OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

KEY B \flat .


 { l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : - }
 O | thu - sa fein a shiubhlas shuas, Tha crinn mar lan sgiath chrua'dh nan triath }
 O thou that mov - est through the sky, Like shield of warrior round and bright,


 { l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : - }
 Cia as a ta do dhears'gunghruaim, Do sho - lua a ta buain a Ghrian? }
 Whence is thy glo - ry gleam - ing high, And whence, O sun, thy last - ing light?


 { l₁ | d : - : l₁ | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | l : - : s | l : - : d | d : - : r | m : - : }
 (Thig | thu - sa mach 'nad fàil - le threin, Is fal - nichidh na reul an triall, }
 In peer - less beau - ty thou dost rise And all the stars be - fore thee see,

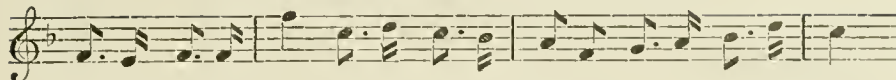

 { r | m : - : d | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : - }
 (Theid | ghealach sios gun tuar o'n speur, 'Ga clea - tha fein, fo stnaidh 'san iar. }
 The pal - lid moon for-sakes the skies To hide beneath the west - ern sea.

Tha thus 'ad astar dol a mhàin,
 Is co dha'n dàna bhi 'ad chòir?
 Feuch, tuitidh darag o'n chruaich aird,
 Is tuitidh càrn fo aois is scòrr,
 Is traighidh agus lionaidh 'n cuan,
 Is cailllear shuas an rè 'san spèur,
 Tha thus 'ad aon a chaoidh fo bhuaidh
 An aoibhneas bhuan do sholuis fein!
 Nuair dhubhas dorch m'an domhain stoirm,
 Le torrunn bòrb is dealan beur
 Seallaidh tu 'nad àill' o'n toirm,
 'S fiamh gaire 'm bruailean mòr nan spèur.
 Ach dhomhsa tha do sholus faoin
 'S nach fhaic mo shuil a chaoidh do ghnis,
 A sgaoileadh cùl a's orbhui' ciabh
 Air aghaidh nial 's a mhadainn ùr,
 A sgaoileadh cùl a's orbhui' ciabh
 Air aghaidh liath nan nial 's an ear
 No nuair a chritheas tu 'e an iar
 Aig do dhorsaibh ciar air lear.
 Ma dh' fheudte gu bheil thu 's mi fein
 'An am gu treun 'e gun fheum 'an am,
 Ar bliadhnaibh tearnadh sios o'n speur
 La chèile siubhal chum an ceann.
 Biodh aoibhneas ortsa fein, a Ghrian,
 A thriath 'ad òige neartmhor ta!
 Oir 'e dorch' mi-thaitneach tha an aois
 Mar sholus faoin an rè gun chàil,
 Bho neoil a sealltutim air an raon,
 'S an liath-cheo faoin air thaobh nan càrn,
 An osag fhuar o thuath air rèth,
 Fear siubhal dol fo bheud 'se mall.

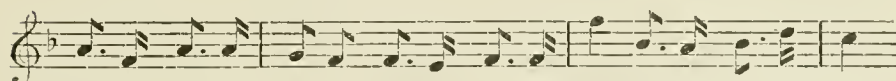
Thou movest in thy course alone,
 And who so bold as wander near?
 The mountain oak shall yet fall prone,
 The hills with age shall disappear,
 The changing main shall ebb and flow,
 The waning moon be lost in night;
 Thou only shalt victorious go,
 For ever joying in thy light!
 When heaven with gathering clouds is black,
 When thunders roar and lightnings fly,
 Thou gazest lovely through the rack
 And smilest in the raging sky.
 But oh! thy light is vain to me;—
 Ne'er shall mine eyes thy face behold,
 When thou art streaming wide and free
 O'er morning clouds thy hair of gold,
 When thou art shedding wide and free,
 O'er eastern skies thy hair of gold,
 Or trembling o'er the western sea
 At night a dark portals backward rolled.
 Nay but, perhaps, both thou and I
 From strength to weakness both descend,
 Our years declining from the sky,
 Together hasting to their end.
 Rejoice, O sun, in this thy prime!
 Rejoice, O chief, in youthful might!
 Age is a dark and dreary time,
 Feeble and faint as moon's wan light.
 Struggling through broken clouds in vain,
 While to the hills the mist hangs gray;
 And northern gusts are on the plain,
 Where toils the traveller on his way.

9—AN SGIOLBAIREACHD—SKIPPER'S SONG.

KEY F.



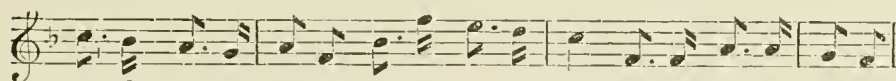
(: d „t₁ : d „d | d¹ : s „l : s „f | m . d : r „m : f „l | s
 Bailaist 'chur's na cruinn, Cha chuir innte taic dhuinn, Siùil a chur ri 'druim,
 Sails beneath her passed Won't drive the vessel faster, Ballast on the mast



(: m „d : m „m | r . d : d „t₁ : d „d | d¹ : f „m : f „l | s
 Cha chuir sgoinn'n a h-astar; Stiùir 'chur os a cinn, Cha dean iùl do'n luing
 Could but bring dis-as-ter: Who could steer her by A helm against the sky?



(: l „d¹ : t „d¹ | s : t₁ „d : m „m | r . d : d „t₁ : d „r | m . f
 'Spumpgun' cheann's an taoim Cha chuir sginn a mach dhith. Nach e' ceum bhios glagach,
 Who could keep her dry With the pumps around her? She would swing and flounder,



(: s „f : m „r | m . d : f „d¹ : t „l | s : d „d : m „m | r . d ||
 Null's a nail, 's air tarsaim? Ceart cha seòl i dhuinn, 'S gleus gach buill às al - tan. ||
 She would fill and founder, Tackle all a - wry Would quickly wreck or ground her.

Cha tearainteachd dhùinn
 Toirt ar cùram seachad,
 'G radh "Na abair dùrd,
 Tha 'n *Insurance* beairteach;"
 'S iomadh aon 'bha 'n dòil
 Nach robh meang 'n an chis,
 D' a thrìd 'chaill an chis',
 Dh' easbhaidh diùdh us faicill,
 'S riamb nach d' rànaig dhachaidh
 'Dh' ionnsaidh seòlaid acair',
 'S nach do shèilbhich stùr
 Dheth na b' ùidh leo 'ghlacadh.
 Ged robh sìnn 's an luing,
 Pailt an luim 's an acfhuinn,
 'S ged b' eòl dhuinn le cinnt,
 Feum gach buill us beairte;
 Ciod an stàth 'bhios dhuinn
 Eòlas 'bhi 'n ar cinn
 Air gach ball 'bhios innt',
 Mur 'bi sinn 'g an cleachdadh?
 Feumar còrd 's an acair',
 'S 'cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaiste,
 'S ris gach sruth us gaoith,
 'N combaisd cruinn a leantainn.

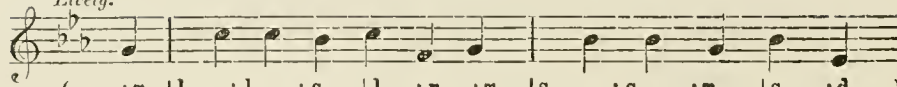
Sad would be our plight,
 If, with mad assurance,
 We should caution slight,
 And trust to the insurance.
 Many a witless wight,
 Sure that he was right,
 Lost his bearings quite,
 All from being heedless;
 Thinking care was needless,
 Land at last despaired of,
 He was lost in night,
 And never more was heard of.
 What though we were packed
 With plenty of equipment,
 And knew what every tract
 And tool about the ship meant!
 Knowledge so exact
 Might as well be lacked,
 If we do not act.
 The anchor to be able
 To keep the vessel stable
 Must have a proper cable,
 The compass all compact
 Must lie upon its table.

By JOHN MORRISON, Harris.

10—TUIREADH AN T-SUIRICH—THE WOOLER'S WAIL.

KEY E♭.

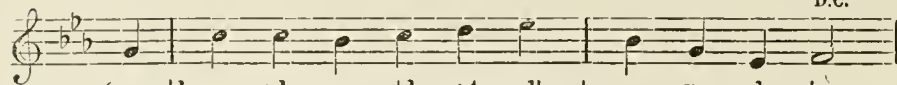
Lively.



{ :m | l : l : s | l : r : m | s : s : m | s : d }

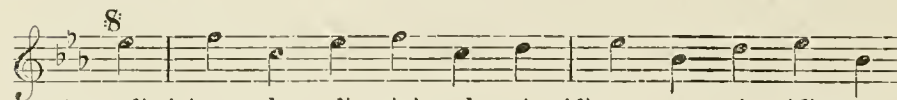
Chorus Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuinn na cruinn - eilg,
 Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuinn na cruinn - eilg,
 Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,
 Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,

D.C.



{ :m | l : l : s | l : t : d' | s : m : d | r : - }

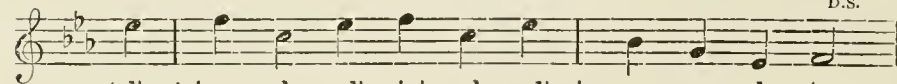
Cha teid mi - se tuil - le air shuir - idh na ghleann,
 Cha dir - ich mi bruth - aich cha'n ur - rain mi ann,
 I'll gang to the val - ley a cour - tin' of Nae mair,
 Nor gang to the val - ley— I'm trach - led ower aair.



{ : d' | r' : l : d' | r' : l : t | d' : s : t | d' : s }

Song—Nuair rinn mi mo bhrog - an gu snaa - uhor a ghrobadh,
 A sheall - tuinn na h-ogh - e tha thall - ad a chomhnuidh,
 On my shoon I put batches of el - e - gant patches,
 My heart it was wholly up - lift - ed and jol - ly,

D.S.



{ : d' | r' : l : d' | r' : l : d' | s : m : d | r : - }

'S a ghluais mi, cho ceol - mhor ri smeor - ach air chrann,
 Cha chreid - inn ri m' bheo gu'r e ghor - aich a bh' ann,
 And went sing - ing snatches of beau - ti - ful song;
 Nor thought it was fol - ly that sent me a - long.

Bha m'iontlan lan snigeart nuair rainig mi'n uinneag,
 'Smi cainteach gun cumadh a chruinneag riom cainnt,
 Nuair dh'fhosgail i 'n duilleag 'sa theann mi ri furan,
 'S ann thaom an truille an cuman m'am cheann.
 Cha teid mise tuille, etc.

'S mar tuiginn an sanas sin stuig i na madaidh,
 'Eha mathair sa h-athair a labhairt le sgraing.
 Thuit ceo air mo leirsinn 'us m' anail gam threigsinn,
 Ao rathad cha b'leir dhomh 'us leum mi' san staing.

'Smi fodha gu m' shuillean an eabar an dunain,
 Mo bhrigis m'am ghluintean 'sau cu oir an geall,
 Bu mbiosa na'n corr leam 'bhi faicinn na h-oinsich,
 Aig uinneag a seomair ri spors air mo chall.

Mar phaisg air an ullaid, 'si dh'fhag mi am churraidh,
 Mo chaiseart 'san runnach, 's mo thriubhas sa ghleann,
 'Smi 'n so as mo leine ag altrom mo chreuchdan,
 'San ionad nach leir dhomh am breid a chur teann.

'Toirt boidean do Mhuire 'sa 'g eigheach gu duineil,
 Ged gheibhinn an cruinne 'sa h-uile ni th' ann,
 Nach teid mise tuille a cheilidh no 'shuiridh,
 'Snach fhaicear mo luideagan tuille 'sa ghleann.

Wi' bosom high-swellin' I cam to her dwellin',
 I kent she was willin' to list to my tale;
 I startit a-showin' my love overflowin',
 She stopp'd me by throwin' aboot me the pail.
 Nae mair, &c.

And then to pursue me she set the dogs to me,
 My eyesight got gloomy, I felt like a fool;
 Her parents were flyin', the dogs were for bitin';
 I fled, and fell right in a big dirty pool!

The water was stinkin' in which I was sinkin',
 The big dog was thinkin' he 'd noo get a bite,
 But the thing maist annoyin' was to see her ongoin'
 Lookin' oot and enjoyin' my terrible plight.

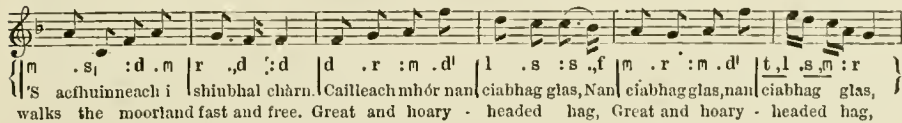
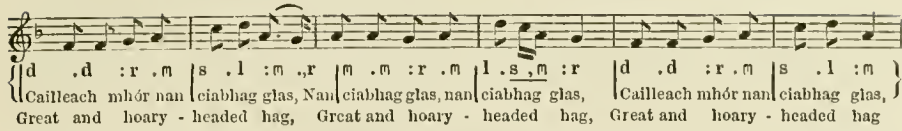
Bad luck to the woo'in, it's been my undoin',
 My breeks are a ruin, my bachles are gone,
 And here I'm endurin' and nursin' and curin'
 My wounds, and securin' the bandages on!

I'm vowin' and frettin' and manfully bettin'
 That tho' I were gettin' the world for my share,
 Nae mair will I sally a-courtin' of Maltie,
 I'll show in the valley my duddies nae mair.

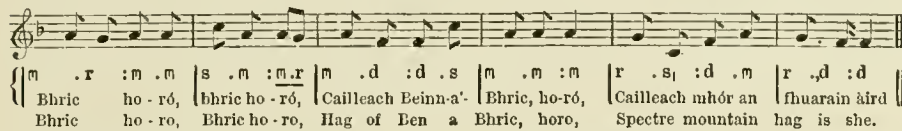
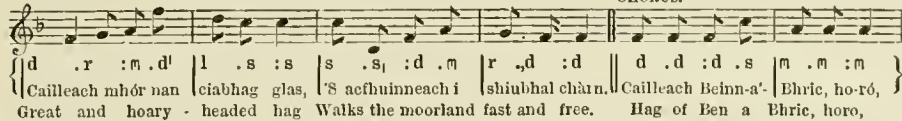
Author—"AM BARD LUIDEAGACH."

11—CAILLEACH BEINN A BHRIC—THE SPECTRE HAG.

KEY F.



CHORUS.



Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,
 Nam mogan liath, nam mogan liath;
 Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,
 Cha 'n fhaca sinne 'leithid riabh.
 Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,
 Diugh do'n bheinn, diugh do'n bheinn.
 'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,
 Chum thu mí gu'n bheinn, gun sealg.

Bha thu fein 'a do bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Do bhuidheann fhiadh, do bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Bha thu fein 'a do bhuidheann fhiadh
 Air an traigh ud shíos an de.

A chailleach—Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh
 Mo bhuidheann fhiadh, mo bhuidheann fhiadh
 Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh
 Dh' imlich sligean dubh an traigh.

Ochan! is i'n doiríonn mhór
 An doiríonn mhór, an doiríonn mhór
 Ochan! is i'n doiríonn mhór
 A chuir mias an choill ud thall.

Cha'n ioghnadh mí bhi dubh, horo,
 Dubh horo, dubh horo,
 Cha'n ioghnadh mí bhi dubh, horo,
 H-uile la a mnuigh, o h-i.

Cha'n ioghnadh mí bhi fliuch, fuar,
 Fliuch fuar, fliuch fuar,
 Cha'n ioghnadh mí bhi fliuch fuar.
 H-uile h-uair a mnuigh gu brath.

'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh,
 'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Seachad an sliabh dubh ud thall.

Hag with great gray grisly paw,
 Grisly paw, grisly paw,
 Such a hag we never saw,
 Never, never did we see.
 Hag of Ben-a Bhric, &c.

What has brought her to the hill,
 To the hill, to the hill?
 She has wrought me muckle ill,
 Kept her deer away from me.

She was with her flock of deer,
 Flock of deer, flock of deer,
 Yesterday she had her deer
 On the beach along the sea.

The Hag: I would not take my flock of deer.
 My flock of deer, my flock of deer,
 I would not take my flock of deer
 To lick black shells beside the sea.

Ochan! it was weary woe,
 Weary woe, weary woe,
 Ochan! it was weary woe
 Sent me to yon wood to dree!

No wonder I am black, horo,
 Black horo, black horo,
 No wonder I am black, horo,
 When I am always out, O hee.

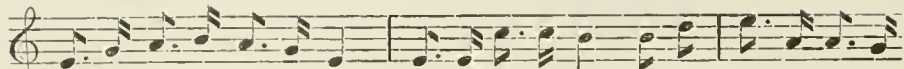
No wonder I am cold and wet,
 Cold and wet, cold and wet,
 No wonder I am cold and wet,
 When out for ever I must be.

But yonder is the flock of deer,
 Flock of deer, flock of deer,
 But yonder is the flock of deer,
 Beyond the mountain you may see.

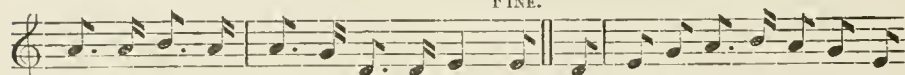
Said to be composed by a hunter who met the hag.

12—ORAN AN UACHDARAIN—SONG TO THE CHIEF.


KEY C.—*With spirit.*

Scisd. 
Cho. 
 Faill ill ó ro, faill ill ó Faill ill ó ro, eil - e, Hi ri - thil uithil
 Fal il ó ro, fal il ó Day around me spring - ing, Hee ri - hil uhil

FINE.


 a - gus ó, 'S na thugaibh bóro eil - e. Gur mise tha trom airtneulach
 i - hil ó, No heart have I for sing - ing. At dawn I rise with weeping eyes,

D.C.


 'S a mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh, Tha gaoth an ear a gobachadh, 's cha'n i mo thogairt fein i.
 No heart have I for singing; Around me shrill the breezes chill Of eastern winds are stinging.

Tha gaoth an ear a' gobachadh,
 'S cha'n i mo thogairt fein i;
 'S i gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn,
 A's lasan oirre 'g eiridh.
 Faill ill, etc.
 'Si gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn
 Is lasan oirre 'g eiridh
 Gu'n tigeadh oirnn am bàta
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi trenbhach.
 Gun tigeadh oirnn am bàta
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi trenbhach
 Uachdaran na tir' oirre—
 Mo dhìth ma dh' eireas bend da!
 Uachdaran na tir' oirre—
 Mo dhìth ma dh' eireas bend da!
 Uachdaran na duthch' innte—
 Gu bheil mo dhùrachd fein leis.
 Uachdaran na duthch' innte
 Gu bheil mo dhùrachd fein leis
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte!
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte
 Far am bi na fìdhleirean,
 'S na pìoban ann ga'n gleusadh.
 Far am bi na fìdhleirean
 'S na pìoban ann ga'n gleusadh
 Aeh 's mise tha trom airtneulach
 'Sa mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh.

Around me shrill the breezes chill
 Of eastern winds are stinging,
 Oh, I would hail the western gale,
 With blessings round it flinging.
 Fal il òro, fal il ó, &c.
 Yes, I would hail the western gale,
 With blessings round it flinging,
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,
 Light o'er the billows swinging.
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,
 Light o'er the billows swinging,
 And safe may float the bonnie boat,
 Our gallant chieftain bringing.
 Oh, safe may float the bonnie boat,
 Our gallant chieftain bringing,
 For our relief our country's chief,
 To whom our hearts are clinging.
 For our relief our country's chief,
 To whom our hearts are clinging,
 Oh would that he right gallantly
 His way to Sleat were winging.
 Oh, would that be right gallantly,
 His way to Sleat were winging,
 Where songs arise and harmonies,
 With harp and pibroch ringing.
 Where songs arise and harmonies,
 With harps and pibroch ringing,
 But now I rise with weeping eyes,
 No heart have I for singing.

13—CUMHA DO H-UISDEIN MAC-AOIDH—LAMENT FOR HUGH MACKAY.

KEY A♭.



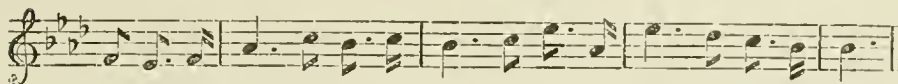
{ .l₁ : s₁ .,l₁ | d : - .m : r .,r | m : - .r : d .,l₁ | d : - .r : l₁ .,d |
Nach cruaidh an guth so th'aig an t-sluagh, Bho'n deach thu luath 's adh'carb iad
Oh sad this voice of woe we hear, And gone our cheer and pleasan-



{ s₁ : - .l₁ : s₁ .,l₁ | d : - .m : r .,m | r : - .d : r .,m | s : - .l₁ : m .,s | r : - .
riut; Tha ghaoir cho leu - uant aig daoibh - 'uaist', Aig muàibh, aig tuath, 's aig scarbhan-tan;
try; One common grief, without re-lief, Has seiz'd on chief and peasantry;



{ .m : l₁ .l₁ | s : - .f : m .,s | r : - .l₁ : d .r | m : - .r : d .l₁ | s₁ : - .
{ Cha'n 'eil bho'n Tòrr gu ruig an stòir, Aon duine beò, bho'ndh' thalbh thu bhuainn,
In hut or hall, or merchant's stall, There 's none at all speaks cheerfully;



{ .l₁ : s₁ .,l₁ | d : - .m : r .,m | r : - .m : s .,d | s : - .f : m .,r | r : - .
{ A's mraibh còmhraidh mu' na bhòrd, Ach tuirseach, brò - nach, marbhran-nach.
Since that sad day he went a-way, Naught can we say, but tearfully.

Cha'n aon mu'ò callan còdach fhéin,
Tha'n sluagh gu léir cho càsmhorach,
Ach aon 'thoirt bhuap' gun aon fhear-fuath.
'S an robh gach buaidh cho fasmhorach.
A phears' gu léir, a dhreagh 's a chéill,
Annus nach bu léir dhuinn failligendh;
Mach bho'n éug bhi 'nur 'an céill
Nach 'eil gach cré ach bàsmhorach.

'S Donnhor cridhe 'thuit a mhàn
Mu'n cuairt, air là do thiodhlacaidh,
'Bha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn
'Bhi suidhicht' an inntinn shiorbheartaich
Bha ioma ceud dhe d'fhine fhéin
A' deanamh féum mar ionmhaigh dhíot;
Ach dhearbh an beum so dhuinn gu léir,
Nach 'eil fo'n ghréin ach diomhanas.

Oo an duine thug ort bàrr
Am breith, 'am páirt, 's an ionnsachadh?
No co an t-aon a sheasas d'ait'
Dhe'n th'air an cràdh ga d'ionndraichinn?
Gach beag 'us mòr gach sean 'us òg,
Le gal, 'us dèir ga'n ceannachadh.
Ge tric le bròn 'bhi tuisleach d'inn,
Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

It is not private loss or woe
That makes the blow so rigorous,
But his sad fate whom none could hate,
With mind so great and vigorous.
For none could find, in heart or mind,
A fault in kind or quality.
Now he is not, though we forgot
Our common lot, mortality.

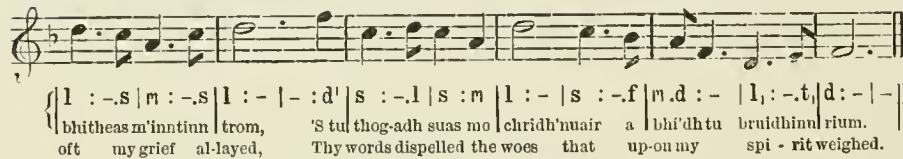
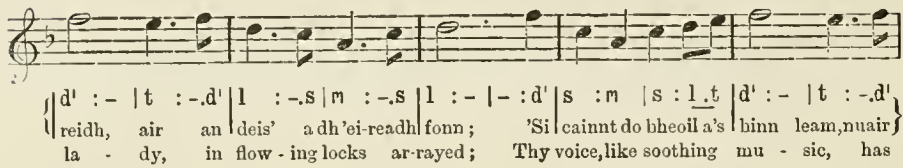
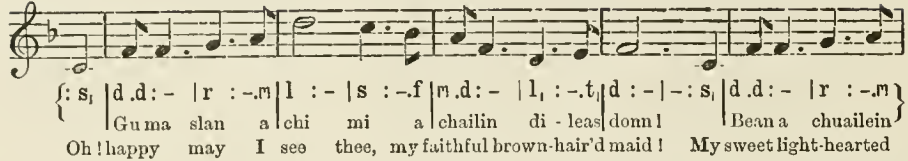
Oh, many a man was filled with gloom
That round thy tomb stood silently:
Hearts that were buoyed with hopes—now void
By death destroyed so violently.
By clansmen prized and idolised,
His worth disguised humanity,
But this fell blow, alas! will show
There 's nought below but vanity.

He was excelled by none on earth,
Wit, wisdom, worth adorning him;
And none can fill his place but ill
Of those who will be mourning him.
The hearts are wrang of old and young,
The mourner's tongue is failing him,
Oh, never more shall we deplore
One man so sore bewailing him!

Music and words by ROB (DONN) MACKAY.

14—MO CHAILIN DILEAS DONN—MY FAITHFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F.



Gur muldach a ta mi,
'S mi nochd air aird a' chuain,
'S neo-shuundach mo chadal domh,
'S do chaidreamh fada nam;
Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;
As d'aogais tha mi truagh;
'S mar a dean mi d'fhaotain
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag,
Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;
Gruaidhean mar an caoran,
Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin;
Aidicheam le eibhneas
Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la
O'n uair a dh'fhag mi thu.

Theireadh iad ma 'n d' fhalbh mi uat,
Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir,
Gu 'n do chuir mi cul riut,
'S gun dhiult mi dhuil mo phog.
Na cuireadh sid ort curam,
A ruin, na creid an sgileo;
Tha d'anail leam ni's cubhraidh,
Na'n driuchd air bharr an theoir.

My lot this night is dreary
Upon the surging deep,
And comfortless my slumber
When far from thee I sleep.
But back to thee, my maiden,
My restless thoughts shall sweep,
And few shall be my years
If without thee I must weep.

Like berries, 'neath their lashes
Thine eyes are soft and clear;
Like rowans, 'neath thy placid row
Thy glowing cheeks appear.
Oh, gladly do I tell thee, love,
That I have held thee dear,
And since I had to part from thee,
Each day has seemed a year.

What though they tell thee that I had
Begun my choice to rue,
That I forsook my maiden
And from her kiss withdrew!
Let not the story grieve thee;
My love, it is not true:
Thy fragrant breath is sweeter
To me than morning dew.

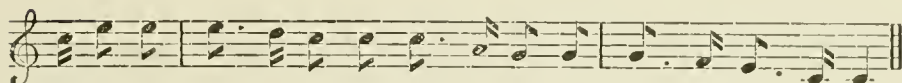
Gaelic words by HECTOR MACKENZIE, Ullapool.

15—H-UGAIBH ! H-UGAIBH !—AT YOU ! AT YOU !

KEY C.



{ d' , d' . — | d' , s . — : d' . d' | d' . , d' : d' . d' | m' . , r' : d' . l | l . , }
 { H-ugaibh ! | h-ugaibh ! bo, bo, bo ! An doctair | Leodach 's biodag air,
 At you ! at you ! bo, bo, bo ! Take care what may become of you, }



{ d' : m' . m' | m' . , r' : d' . d' | d' . , l : s . s | s . , f : m' . , d | d ||
 { Faicill | oirbh 's a taobh sin thall, Nach toir e'n | ceann a thiota dibh ! ||
 The doctor with his dirk may go, And take the head off some of you ! }

Biodag 's an deaca' an gath-seirg
 Air crios seilg an luidealaich ;
 Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,
 Gur mairg an rachadh bruideadh dhi.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,
 'S claidheamh-mor an tarrainn ort,
 An saighdear 's miosa th'aig righ Deors',
 Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Claidheamh, agus sgabard dearg,
 'S cearbach sud air amadan,
 'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
 A dh'fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Gu'm biodh sud ort air do thaobh,
 Claidheamh caol 'sa ghliogartaich ;
 Cha'n 'eil falcag thig o'n traigh,
 Nach cuir thu barr nan itean di.
H-ugaibh, &c.

See on his belt, with rags and dust,
 The dirk with all the rust of it ;
 'Twould kill a man with sheer disgust,
 If he should get a thrust of it.
At you ! &c.

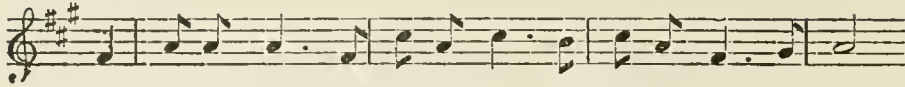
As fencer bold he used to swing
 His sword, but made so small a stir,
 The poorest soldier of the king
 Would dare to fight with Allaster.
At you ! &c.

Claymore and scabbard bright he vaunts
 And clumsily he carries them ;
 He chops the heads off cormorants
 And hews and hacks and harries them.
At you ! &c.

Brave at his side the sword must be
 That he must clank and rattle with ;
 And ne'er a bird can come from sea
 But he will boldly battle with.
At you ! &c.

16—BROSNACHADH-CATHA—ANCIENT WAR-SONG.

KEY A.—*Boldly.*



f. l, | d . d : d : - . l, | m . d : m : - . r | m . d : l, : - . t, | d : - }
 { A | mbacan ceann, Nan cursa srann, Ard-leumnach dàn air magh, }
 O high-born son, Let fame be won, Thy steeds for bat - tle prance,



f. l, | d . d : m : - . r | f . r : t, : - . r | f . f : s : - . t, | d : - ||
 { Faigh buaidh 'san t-stri, Sgrìos sios gun dìth Ar naimhde, rìgh nan sleagh! ||
 Oh, win renown, Our foes cut down. O king of spears, advance!

Iamh threin 's gach càs!
 Crìdh' ard gun sgath!
 Ceann airm nan roinn gear goirt!
 Gearr sios gu bàs,
 Gun bhàrc sheol bhàn
 Bhì snàmh mu dhùbh Innis-tòrc.

Mar thairneanach bhaoghal
 Do bhuille, laoich,
 Do shuil mar chaoir ad cheann,
 Mar charraig chruinn
 Do chridh' gun roinn,
 Mar lasan dìch' do lann.

Cum suas do sgiath,
 Is crobhaidh nial,
 Mar chiach bho reul a bhàis.
 A mhacain cheann,
 Nan cursan srann,
 Sgrìos naimhde sios gu lar!

O arm of might!
 Brave heart in fight!
 With swords and lances keen,
 O'er foes prevail,
 Let no white sail
 Round Innistore be seen.

Thy strokes shall clash,
 Like thunder crash,
 Like lightning flash thine eyes,
 Thy heart a rock,
 In battle shock,
 Thy blade a flame on high.

Thy target raise,
 And let it blaze
 Like death-star's baleful light,
 O chief renowned,
 Whose chargers bound,
 Cut down our foes in fight!

Gaelic words very old, probably of the Ossianic era. Translation by L. MACBEAN. Music published here for the first time.

17—COIRE-CHEATHAICH—THE MISTY DELL.

KEY. $\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1 : r \text{ „} m \\ f. \end{array} \right. \left| \begin{array}{l} r : d . l_1 : r \text{ „} m \\ \text{'Se Coire-} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} f : s . f : m . r \\ \text{cheathaich nan aighean} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} d : d \text{ „} r : d . l_1 \\ \text{siùhlach, An Coire} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} d : - . \\ \text{rùmach is ùrar fonn,} \end{array} \right|$

My Misty Cor - rie, hy deer fre - quent - ed, My lovely valley, my verdant dell,

$\{ \begin{array}{l} r : r \text{ „} m \\ \text{Gu Iurach} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} r : d . l_1 : r \text{ „} m \\ \text{miad-cheurach, mìn-gheal,} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} f : s . s : l . l \\ \text{sùghar, Gach lusan} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} r : r \text{ „} r : l . l \\ \text{flùar bu chùbhraidh leam;} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} s : - . \\ \text{Soft, rich and} \end{array} \right|$

Soft, rich and gras - sy, and sweetly scented, With every flow'r that I love so well;

$\{ \begin{array}{l} l : l \text{ „} l \\ \text{Gu molach,} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} r : r . r : l \text{ „} l \\ \text{dùbh - ghorm, torrach,} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} s : f . f : m . r \\ \text{luisreagach, Corrach,} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} d : d \text{ „} r : d . l_1 \\ \text{plùranach, dlu-ghlan,} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} d : - . \\ \text{grinn,} \end{array} \right|$

All thickly growing, and brightly blow - ing, Upon its shag - gy and dark green lawn,

$\{ \begin{array}{l} r : r \text{ „} m \\ \text{Caoin, ballach,} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} r : d . l_1 : r \text{ „} m \\ \text{ditheanach, canach,} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} f : s . s : l . l \\ \text{mìseanach; Gleann a} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} r : l \text{ „} s : f . m \\ \text{mhìlltich 's an lionmhòr} \end{array} \right| \left| \begin{array}{l} r : - \\ \text{mang.} \end{array} \right|$

Moss, canach, daisies adorn its maz - es, Thro' which skips lightly the graceful fawn.

Tha mala ghruamach de'n bhiolair uaine,
Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th'ann an fhoann;
Is doire shealbhadh aig bun nan garbh-chlaeh,
'S an griuneal gainmhich gu meanbh-gheal pronn;
'Na ghlugan plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,
Ach coileach bùin tigh'nn a grunn d' eas lòn,
Gach sruthan ùiseal 'na chuailean cùl-ghorm,
A ruith 'na spùta 's 'na lùba steall.

'S a mhaduinn chiùin-ghil, an am dhomh dùsgadh,
Aig bun na stuice b'è 'n sugradh leam;
A chearc le sgiucan a gabhail tìchain,
'S an coileach cùrteil a dùrdaile cròim;
An dreathan sùrdail 's a ribheid chiùil aig
A cur nan smùid dheth gu làghor binn;
An druid 's am brù-dhearg le moran ùinich,
Ri ceileir sunntach bu shiùhlach rann.

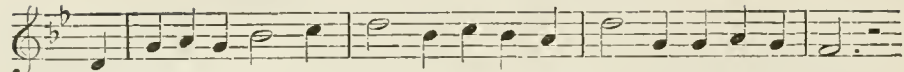
The watercresses surround each fountain
With gloomy eyebrows of darkest green;
And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain,
Where loose white sand lies all soft and clean;
Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling,
The new-born stream from the darksome deep;
Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swirling,
It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.

How sweet when dawn is around me gleaming.
Beneath the rock to recline, and hear
The joyous moor-hen so hoarsely screaming,
And gallant moorcock soft-croodling near!
The wren is bustling, and briskly whistling,
With mellow music a ceaseless strain;
The thrush is singing, the redbreast ringing
Its cheery notes in the glad refrain.

From the song by DUNCAN BAN M'INTYRE.

18 MAIRI BHAN OG—FAIR YOUNG MARY.

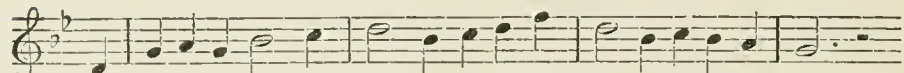
KEY B 2.



{ : m₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | m : - : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - : - : | }

{ A | Mhairi bhan òg, 's tu'n b'igh th'air m' aire Rì'm bheo bbi far am bith'n'n fhein; }

Oh, rapture to be, my fair young Mary, With thee, my beauti-ful bride;



{ : m₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : - : | }

{ O'n fhuair mi ort còir cho mòr 's bu mhaith leam, Le pos - adh ceangailt' o'n chleir; }

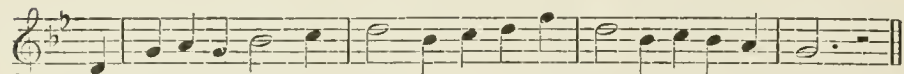
In love true and strong that ne'er shall vary, A bond the clergy have tied;



{ : f : f | s : f : m | l₁ : - : d | r : - : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | r : - : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : - : | }

{ Le cùmhnantan teann, 's le banntaibh daingean, Le snaom adh' fhanas 's nach treig, }

This cov-e-nant sure, ap-proved by heaven, Secure shall ever a-bide,



{ : m₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : - : | }

{ 'Se t'fhaotainn air laimh le gradh gach caraid Rinn slàn - te maireann a'm chrè. }

And since with good-will thy hand was given, I thrill with pleasure and pride.

Bheirinn mo phòg do'n òg mhnaoi shomalt'
A dh' fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,
Gu m'leant, còmhnard, seocail, foinnidh,
Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor:
Tha mi air sheòl gu leòir a'd' chomain
A' bhòid 's a chuir thu gu faoin
Do m' smaointean gòrach pròis nam boireannach,
'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.


Chaidh mi do'n choill' an robh croinn is gallain,
Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n euaire,
'S bha miann mo shùil do dh' fhiuran barraicht
An dlùthas nam meanganan suas;
Geug fo bhlàth o bàrr gu talamh,
A lub mi farasda nuas,
Bu duilich do chàch gu bràch a gearradh
'S e'n dàn domh 'm failllean a bhain.

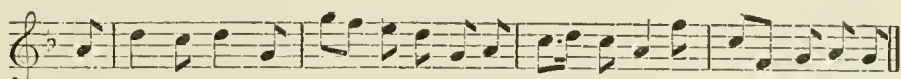
My love to my bride, with dear caresses
And pride, shall ever be shown;
Each virtue most rare her soul possesses,
And fair and sweet has she grown.
My thoughts used to rove in boyish folly,
Ere ever her love I had known;
But, now I'm her own, my heart is wholly
My darling's alone—alone.

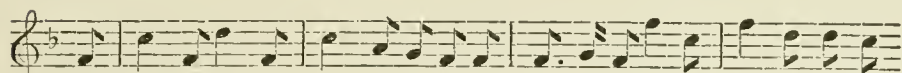
Where woodlands are green with trees well
A scene of beauty to view, [nourished,
I found, with delight, one stem that flourished,
Of bright and beautiful hue:
That bough from above, desiring greatly,
With love unto me I drew;
None else could have moved that tree so stately,
'Twas only for me that it grew.


A song to his newly wedded spouse, by D. (Bàn) M'INTYRE; translation by L. MACBEAN. Other forms of this fine air will be found in *Sacred Songs of the Gael*, *The Thistle*, and Capt. FRASER'S Collection.

19—CHA TILL E TUILLE—LAMENT FOR MAC CRIMMON.

KEY: F. 
 (Dh'iadh, ceo nan stuc mu | eu - dann Chuilinn, Is | sheinn 'bhean-shiith a | torman m'ulaid, }
 O'er Coolin's face the night is creeping, The banshee's wail is round us sweeping;


 { Gorm | shuilean eithin 's an | Dhin a sileadh, O'n | thriall thu uainn 's nach | till thu tuille! }
 Blue eyes in Duin are dim with weeping, Since thou art gone and ne'er re - turnest.


 SEISB—{ Cha | till, cha till, cha | till Mac Criomainn, An | cogadh no sith cha | till e tuille, }
 CHORUS No more, no more, no more returning, In peace nor in war is he returning;


 { Le | airgid no ni cha | till Mac Criomainn, Cha | till e gu brath gu | la na cruinne. }
 Till dawns the great Day of Doom and burning, MacCrimmon is home no more returning.

Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,
 Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach,
 Tha ealtainn nan speur feadh geugan dubhach,
 A caoidh gn'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Tha'n fhaire fa dheòidh lan bròin is m'ulaid,
 Tha'm bàta fo sheol, ach dhiult i siubhal;
 Tha gairich nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach,
 Ag radh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheol 's an Dun mu fheasgar,
 'S mac-talla nam mur le miùrn 'ga fhreagairt,
 Gach fleasgach is òigh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,
 O'n thriall thu uainn 's nach till thu tuille.

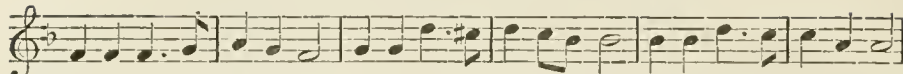
The breeze of the bens is gently blowing,
 The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;
 Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,
 Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.

Its dirges of woe the sea is sighing,
 The boat under sail unmoved is lying;
 The voice of the waves in sadness dying,
 Say, thou art away and ne'er returnest.

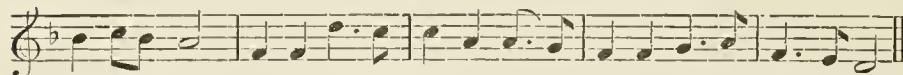
We'll see no more MacCrimmon's returning,
 Nor in peace nor in war is he returning;
 Till dawns the great day of woe and burning,
 For him, for him there's no returning.

Composed on the departure of DONALD MAC CRIMMON, piper to the Laird of MAC LEOD, in 1745. He never returned. The verses were composed by his sister; translation by L. MACLEAN. This beautiful set of the melody appears, with harmony and accompaniment, in *The Thistle*.

20—OISEAN IS MALMHINE—OSSIAN AND MALVINA.


 KEY: F. { d : d | d :-r | m : r | d :- | r : r | l :-se | l : s.f | f :- | f : f | l :-s | s : m | m :- }
 'Se guth ciùin mo rùin a th' ann. 'S ainmic thu gu m'aisling fein; Fosglaihb sibhs' bhur talla thall,
 'Tis my lover's tones that call, In my dreams they seldom rise; O - pen wide your azure hall,


 { d : d | r :-m | d :-t, | l :- | m : l | l :-se | m : se | l :- | d : d | l :-s }
 Shinnse Thoscair, nan ard speur. 'Se do chomhnuidh-s' m'anam fein, A shil Oisein,
 Race of Tos - car in the skies. Thou dost dwell within my soul, Son of Ossian,


 { f : s.f | m :- | d : d | l :-s | s : m | m :-r | d : d | r :-m | d :-t, | l :- }
 's treine laimh, Eiridh m' osnadh moch gun fheum, Mo dheoir mar shileadh speuran ard.
 might - y chief; Like heaven's rain my tears down roll, Every morn renews my grief.

Bu chrann aillidh mi, threin nan seod,
 Oscair chorr, le geugaibh cùbhr';
 Thainig bàs mar ghaoth nan torr;
 Thuit fo sgeith mo cheann fo smùr.
 Thainig earrach caoin fo bhraon,
 Cha d'eirich duilleag fhaoin dhomh fein;
 Chunnaic oigh mi fo shamhchair thall,
 Bhuail iad clarsaiche mall nan teud.

OISEAN:

Caoin am fonn 'na mo chluais fein,
 Nighean Latha, nan sruth fiar,
 'N cual thu guth nach 'eil beo 's a bheinn
 An aisling, ann do chodal ciar?
 Nuair thuit clos air do shuilibh mall
 Air bruachan Mòrshruth nan toirm beur',
 Nuair thearuadh leat o sheilg nan càrn,
 An latha ciùin, ard ghrian 's an speur.

Chuala tu 'n sin bàrda nam fonn,
 'S taitneach ach is trom do ghuth;
 'S taitneach, Mhalmhine nan sonn,
 Leaghaidh bròn am bochd anam dubh.
 Tha aoibhneas ann am bron le sith
 Nuair shuidhicheas ard strì a bhròin;
 Caithidh cumha tursaich gun bhrìgh
 Gann an lài' an tìr uan seòd.

I was once a stately tree,
 My fair boughs were Oscar's pride,
 But his death soon blighted me,
 And my blossoms drooped and died.
 Spring returned with flower and leaf,
 But no leaf on me was found;
 Virgins saw my silent grief,
 Struck the harp of softest sound.


OSSIAN:


Sweet the music in my ears,
 Maid from Latha's winding streams,
 Has the voice of other years
 Sounded fondly in thy dreams?
 When, descending from the chase,
 Thou by Moru's banks didst lie,
 Clapsed in slumber's soft embrace,
 'Neath the calm and sultry sky—

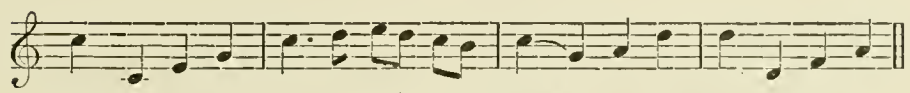
Melodies all faint and low,
 O Malvina, round thee stole;
 Sweet but sad thy tones, and oh!
 Sorrow melts the weary soul.
 There is joy in peaceful woe
 When subside sorrow's strife;
 Idle tears should cease to flow,
 Grief consumes the mourner's life.

Lines selected from the introduction to Ossian's poem of "Croma," and translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful Ossianic air is preserved in Capt. FRASER'S collection.

21—AM BUAIREADH—THE TEMPTATION.

KEY C. 
 { s : d | d : s | l . s : f . m | s : d | d : s | m : d' | s : d | d : s }
 Thug mi mionnan mòr', ('S còir an cumail daingean), Fuireach fad mo
 I have vowed a vow, Sworn an oath most drastic, That I shall from


 { l . s : f . m | f : r | r : m | f : l || d' : - . r' | d' : s | m . f : s . m | d' : - . r' }
 bhèd Mar bu chòir do mhanach. || Falaich uam do ghuthis, ciurrar
 now Live a life mon - as - tic. Then oh, hide thy face, Turn a-


 { d' : d | m : s | d' : - . r' | m' . r' : d' . t | d' : s | l : r' | r' : r | f : l }
 mì le dealan, Ead - ar gath do shùl 'S lubag - an na lalunir.
 way the lightning of thy dazz - ling grace, And thy glances bright'ning.

Ni do mhala dhonn
 (Crom mar bhogha-saighead)
 Guin a chur am ehom
 Ceart cho trom ri claidheamh.
 Tha do bhilean blath
 Tàladh a chum meallaidh;
 Dhuraiginn—ach, à!
 Cum iad as mo shealladh.

Fuirich, fuirich thall,
 Mu'n tog clann dhe t'anail;
 Iomairt ann am cheann
 Bheir fo gheall mi baileach.
 Cuiridh tu le d' bhoidheh',
 Mionnan mor as m' aire;
 Mur a fan thu fòil
 Gòisnichidh tu manach.

Lest thy bending brows
 Pierce my soul, and slay more
 Quickly than bent bows
 Or a shining claymore;
 Lest thy warm lips draw
 My heart to sweets forbidden;—
 I could wish—but, ah!
 Keep, oh, keep them hidden.

Keep thy breath away,
 Its fragrance round me stealing
 Sends my thoughts astray,
 And sets my brain a reeling.
 I am so beset
 With thy witching beauty,
 That I may forget
 Vows and sacred duty.

Song by "Eagar;"

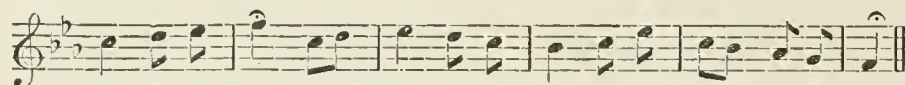
22—EALAIH GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.



KEY E^b. f: d . d | r : r . m | r : m . s | l : s . l | r : m . f | s : m . r }
 SEISD—{ Air faill - ir - in, ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air faill - ir - in, }
 CHORUS—Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in, }



{ d : r . m | s : m . r | d : d . m | s : s . m | s : s . s }
 { ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air faill - ir - in, ill - ir - in, }
 { eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in, }



{ l : t . d' | r' : l . t | d' : t . l | s : l . d' | l . s : f . m | r }
 { uill - ir - in, O, Gur boidheach an comunn tha comhnuidh'n Srath-mor. }
 { ool - yir - in, O, For kingdom and friendship and bon - nie Strathmore. }

Gur gile mo leannan
 Na'n eal' air an t-snamh,
 Na cobhar na tuinne,
 'S e tilleadh gu traigh,
 Na'm blath bhainne buaile,
 'S a chuach leis fo bharr,
 No sneachd nan gleann dosrach
 'G a fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar.

Mar na neoil bhuidhe lubas
 Air stuchdaibh nan sliabh,
 Tha cas-fhalt mo ruin-sa
 Gu siubhlach a sniomh;
 Tha gruaidh mar an ros
 Nuair a's boidheche bhios fhiamh
 Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein
 Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean
 A comhdach nam bruach,
 Bi'dh gach coinean 's a chrochd-choill'
 A ceol leis a chuaich;
 'S bi'dh mise gu h-eibhiun
 A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
 Fo dhluth-gheugaibh sgaileach,
 A manran ri m' luaidh.

Not the swan on the lake,
 Or the foam on the shore,
 Can compare with the charms
 Of the maid I adore;
 Not so white is the new milk
 That flows o'er the pail,
 Or the snow that is shower'd
 From the brow of the vale.

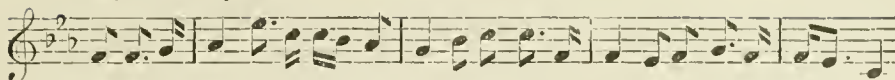
As the cloud's yellow wreath
 On the mountain's high brow,
 So the locks of my fair one
 Redundantly flow;
 Her cheeks have the tint
 That the roses display
 When they glitter with dew
 In the morning of May.

When summer bespangles
 The landscape with flowers,
 And the thrush and the cuckoo
 Sing soft in their bowers,
 Through the wood-shaded windings
 With Bella I'll rove,
 And feast unrestrained
 On the smiles of my love.

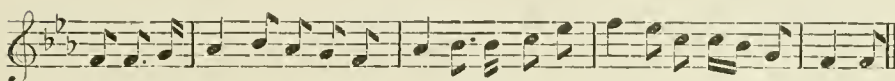
The first verse of the Gaelic words is the composition of Mrs MACKENZIE of Balone. The rest, Gaelic and English, is by EWEN MACLACHLAN.

23—FEAR A BHATA—THE BOATMAN.

Slowly and tenderly.



KEY E². { (r) : r . m | f : d' . l : l . s . f | m : s . (l) : l . r | r : d . r : m . r | r . d . - : l . }
 'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's air - de, Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a bhà - ta,
 I climb the mountains, and scan the o - cean For thee, my boatman, with fond de - vo - tion,
 Seisd.— Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le,
 Chorus.— O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la,



{ (r) : r . m | f : s . f : m . r | f : s . (s) : l . d' | r' : d' . l : l . s . m | r : r . }
 (An tig thu'n diugh no an tig thu maireach? 'S mur tig thu l - dir gur truagh a ta mi!
 When shall I see thee? to-day? to - morrow? Oh! do not leave me in lone - ly sorrow.
 Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Gu ma slan duit's gach ait' an teid thu!
 O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, Happy be thou where'er thou sailest!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite;
 'S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shùilean;
 An tig thu nochd, no 'm bi mo dhùil riut?
 No 'n dùin mi 'n doras, le osna thursaich?

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta,
 Am fac iad thu, no 'm bheil thu sàbhailt:
 Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite,
 Gur gòrach mi, ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn dhe 'n t-sìoda,
 Gheall e sìod agus breacan riomhach;
 Fainn' òir anns am faicinn lomhaigh;
 Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dì-chuimhn'.

Ged a thuit iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
 Cha do lughadaich sìod mo ghaol ort;
 B'i'dh tu 'm aisling anns an òidhe,
 Is anns a mhaduinn bi'dh mi 'g ad fhoighneachd.

Thug mi gaol duit 's cha 'n fhaod mi àicheadh;
 Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;
 Ach gaol a thòisich nuair bha mi 'm phàisde,
 'S nach searg a chaidh, gus an claidh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,
 Gu'm fenn mi t'aogas a chur air dì-chuimhn';
 Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diombain,
 'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

Bi'dh mi tuille gu thsach, deurach,
 Mar eala bhàn 's i an déigh a reubadh;
 Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
 Is each uile an deigh a tréigsinn.

Broken-hearted I droop and languish,
 And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish;
 Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?
 Or close the door, sighing sad and weary?

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
 If they have heard of, or seen my lover;
 They never tell me—I'm only chided,
 And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady
 A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
 A ring of gold which would show his semblance,
 But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

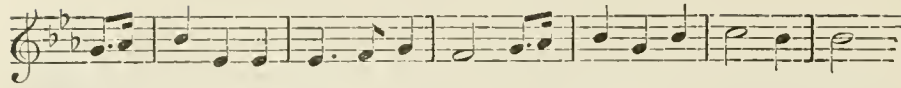
That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,
 But not the less to my heart I hold thee;
 And every night in my dreams I see thee,
 And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
 Is not a season's brief emotion;
 Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
 And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

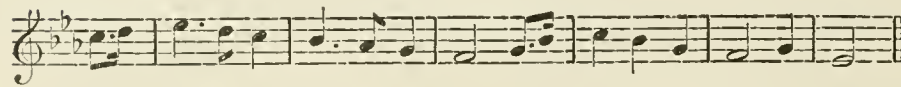
My friends oft tell me that I must sever
 All thought of thee from my heart for ever;
 Their words are idle—my passion's swelling,
 Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
 Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,
 Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
 By all her comrades at last forsaken.

24—AN GAOL TAIRIS—THE FAITHFUL LOVE.



KEY E^b. { : m., f | s : d : d | d :- : r : m | r :- : m., f | s : m : s | l :- : s | s :- }
 O! bhunaich sinn tairis 'n ar gaol, Fad bhliadhna bu chaochlach cuairt;
 Our love has been constant and bright, Nor changed with the changeful years;



{ : l., t | d' :- : t : l | s :- : f : m | r :- : m., s | l : s : m | r :- : m | d :- ||
 A sealbhachadh aoibhneis a cheil' 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.
 Each glad in the oth - er's delight, And mixing our cares and tears.

'S nuair dh' fhair'inn-sa mulad no beud
 Ghrad thigeadh o'd bheul dhomh fòir,
 Oir dh' iompaicheadh d'fhailte gun phleid
 Gach duibhre gu leus thra-nòin.

'S tric aighear 'us subhachas daond'
 A tionndaidh gu aoigh a bhròin,
 Mar thuirlingeas duilleach nan craobh
 A's t-fhoghar, 's an raon fo cheò.

Ge minic a dh'fhiosraich sinn daor
 A mhalairt so, ghaoil, fo leòn,
 Gur h-eòl dhuinn le cheil' air gach taobh
 A h-aon nach d'rinn aom o'n nòs.

O! bhunaich sinn tairis 'nar gaol
 Fad bhliadhna bu chaochlach cuairt,
 A sealbhachadh aoibhneis a cheil'
 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.

Is caidreamaid dochas gun géill
 Na shiubhail d' ar ré do'n chòrr;
 Co-phairticeams' acaín do chleibh
 'Us gabh-s' air m' uil' eibhneis còir.

Had I ever a trouble or grief
 But your help and caresses came soon?
 Your kindness still brought me relief,
 And changed all my darkness to noon.

Earth's rosiest pleasures one sees
 Oft turn to the pallor of pain,
 As when autumn dismantles the trees,
 And makes barren and bleak the plain.

Our joys into griefs thus to run,
 My darling, too often we knew;
 But each of us still knew of one
 That was always found tender and true.

Our love has been constant and bright,
 Nor changed with the changeful years,
 Each glad in the other's delight,
 Aye mixing our troubles and tears.

Then, dear, let us hope the worst part
 Of our life is the part that is flown;
 Let me share all the woes of your heart,
 And make all my gladness your own.

Song by "Abrach."

25—CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH—MACKINTOSH LAMENT.

KEY B². { m : - : r | m : - : - | m : - : r | d : - : - | r : - : r | m : - : - | r : - : d | l₁ : - : - }

Och nan och! leag iad thu, Och nan och! leag iad thu,
Och nan och! thou art low, Och nan och! tale of woe,

S FINE.

{ d : - : l₁ | d : - : r | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ . d | r : - : d . r | m : - : m | r : - : - | d : - : - }

Och nan och! leag iad thu, 'M beal - ach a ghar - aidh;
Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, 'M beal - ach a ghar - aidh.
Sad thy fate, laid so low, Laid where they slew thee;
'Twas thy proud charg - er's force Mad - ly that threw thee.

D.S.

{ m : - : r . m | s : - : m | m : - : r . d | d : - : - | r : - : d . r | m : - : r . d | r : - : d . l₁ | l₁ : - : - }

Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu,
'Twas thy wild war - like horse, In his fierce fier - y course,

Is mise 'bhean mhuladach,
'Giulan na curraice,
O'n chuala gach duine,
Gur ann 'na mhullach bha 'm fabhar.
'S i maighdeann ro dhubhach,
Nach fhainichear tuilleadh mi,
O'n taca so 'n-uiridh,
O'n la chuireadh am fainn' orin.

'S mis' tha gu tursach,
'S tric snidh air mo shuilean,
'S mi 'g ionndrainn an fhiurain,
Marcaich ùr 'nan steud aluinn.
Cha teid mi gu bainnis,
Gu feill no gu faidhir,
Gur ann toiseach an earraich,
Fhuair mi 'n t-saighead a chraidh mi!

Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Leumnaich dhuibh! leumnaich dhuibh!
Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Reub an t-each bàn thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Gu'n fhios domh 's mi lamh riut!

Wearing my widow's dress
While these griefs round me press,
Mourning in deep distress,
Sadly I linger.
Oh, but my heart is wae!
Oh, how unlike the day
When first this circle lay
Fair on my finger!


Under my widow's weeds,
Oh, how my bosom bleeds,
Rider of gallant steeds,
Weeping, I mourn thee:
Ne'er shall my heavy heart
Have in carth's joys a part;
Death, with his fatal dart,
Sorely bath torn me.

On thy black bounding steed,
Riding with eager speed,
Slain by the milk-white steed,
Where it had thrown thee.
Oh, my young darling Hugh,
Slain e'er I ever knew;
Dead! oh, my dearest Hugh,
I must bemoan thee!

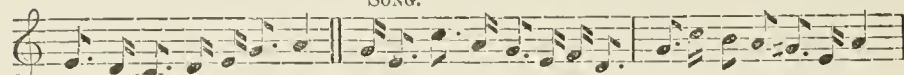
Composed by the bride-widow of EVAN or HUGH, Chief of MACKINTOSH, who was killed on his marriage day.
Translation by L. M. Good settings of this melody are given in LOGAN'S Collection, and Professor BROWN'S
"The Thistle."

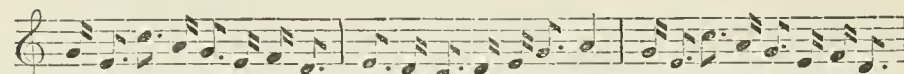
26—AM FOIRNEADH—THE MOTHER'S EXHORTATION.

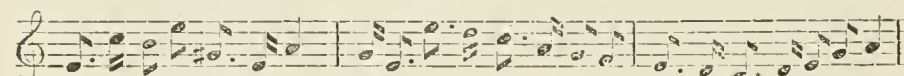
CHORUS.

KEY C. 
 { s ., m : d , l .- | d . d : s ., m | s ., m : d , r | m , s .- : l | s ., m : d , l .- | s . d : s ., f }
 { Iseabail nach gabh thu furas? Iseabail nach dean thu tamh? Iseabail gu bheil thu gorach }
 Bella, will you not be quiet? Bella, why in such a whirl? If you do not marry Donald,

SONG.


 { m ., r : d , r | m , s .- : l | s , m .- : d ' , l | s , m : f , r .- | s , d ' : t . l | s e , m : l ' }
 { Mur a pos thu Donull | Bàin. | Ged a thainig e gu laithibh | Tha e laidir reachdur slàn, }
 Bella, you're a silly girl. You'll be happy yet together; Tho' he's old, he's stout and kind;


 { s , m .- : d ' , l | s , m : f , r .- | m ., r : d , r | m , s .- : l | s , m .- : d ' , l | s , m : f , r .- }
 { Na biodh iom'gain ort a h-alach, | Bi' tu'd mhathair na gabh sgath. | 'S math do bhord a bhi gun'ghainne, }
 You a smiling wife and mother, He a husband to your mind. Better take him, rich and mellow,


 { m ., d ' : t . m ' | s e , m : l | s , m .- : m ' , r ' | d ' , l : s . f | m ., r : d , r | m . s : l }
 { 'S pailteas bainne aig do bhà, | 'Seach bhi'n taice giullain shuaraich | 'S e gun bhuaile aig no bharr. }
 And have wealth and cattle now, Than take some poor worthless fellow, Who has neither corn nor cow.

Gheibh thu deiseachan is riomhadh,
 Cha bhi dith ort, theid mi'n rath;
 'S fearr duit sin na'n aire, is briodal
 Iain chrin a Dail-a-chàis.
 Tog dhe d' iomairt feadh an tighe,
 Cha'n eil math dhuit a bhi bàth;
 Glac an gliocas, 's glac an stòras
 Tha cho deonach teachd a'd dhlùil.

Iseabail, mur gabh thu 'n tairgse
 Bi' mi feargach riut gu bràth,
 Mur a cord thu nochd ri Donull
 Gabh mu d' chaiseart tòs an la.
 Greas, gabh comhairle, 's cuir umad,
 Bidh an duine so gun dàil,
 Nach biodh aileag ann do mhuineal
 Nuair a chuireas e ort fàilt.


You'll get jewelry and dresses,
 And you'll never want for cash;
 Better that than mere caresses
 From wee John of Dalachash.
 What's the good of being saucy?
 Stop your fussing through the house;
 Take the wealth that offers, lassie,
 And be thrifty, wise, and crouse.

Bella, you will cause me sorrow
 If your chances you abuse;
 You may leave the house to-morrow
 If old Donald you refuse.
 Quick and dress, and show your graces;
 There, your man is coming, Miss;
 Now, don't you be making faces
 When he greets you with a kiss.


Song by J. MUNRO.

27—0 THEID SINN—AWAY, AWAY.

CHORUS.

KEY D. 
 O | theid sinn, theid sinn | le suigeart agus aoidh, O | theid sinn, theid sinn | deòb - ach }
 A - way, a - way with a merry, merry lay, With song and heart - y chor - us,

FINE.



 { m . s | l : r | d l : m | s . f : m . r | d : t . d l | r l : d l . t | l . s : f . m | r : - | r }

 O | theid sinn, theid sinn | thairis air an t-Sruidh, Gu | muinntir ar dainh us ar | n-còl - as,

 We'll cross the Forth, and | rivers of the north, A - way to the land | that bore us,

SONG.




 { g : m : x | d' : d' | d' : - : d' | r' : d' : t : l | l : s : - : s | l : r' : | r' : - : r' | r' : - : d' | l }

 { Ged | bha sinn | bliadh - tan | fa - da fa - da bhuath, Am | Bai - le Chluaidh a | eòmh - nuidh, }

 { Though we may | roam | far from our Highland home, Where Clyde's brown flood is | swell - ing, }

D.C.



 f : t | d' ., d' : d' ., r' | d' : t ., l | s ., f : m ., r | d : r ., m | l : s . m | l ., s : f ., m | r : - | r

 {Car | tamul beag gun treig sinn ar | gairm 'us gun teid sinn, A | dh' fhaotainn an graidh 'us an | còmhraidh.

 We'll seek our native vale, And we'll hear the Highland tales, That the friends of our childhood are telling.

'Us chi sinn an caol, air 'm faca sinn, le gaoith,
Na bataichean aotrom seoladh;
'Us chi sinn na beanntan a gleidheadh sneachd 's
an t-samhraidh,
'Us chi sinn na h-aimhnichean boidheach.
O theid sinn, &c.

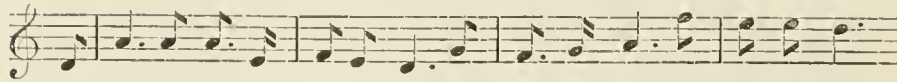
'Us chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait' 's an d'rugadh sinn
'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach;
'Us chi sinn na coilltean, le aighear is toil-inntinn
'S am bitheadh sinn a chluinntinn an smeorach.
O theid sinn, &c.

Again we'll view the places that we knew—
The bay with boats in motion,
The mountains all sublime with their snow in
summer time,
And rivers rolling down to the ocean.
Away, &c.

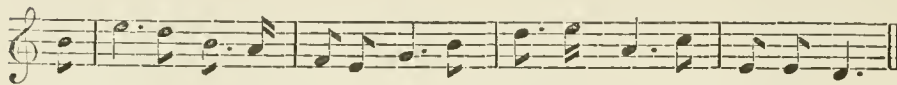
We'll see each hen, and bonnie, bonnie glen,
And wander through the wild wood,
Where the thrush on leafy spray warbles all the
live-long day,
Where we used to play in childhood.
Away, &c.

Gaelic words by the late JOHN MUNRO, Glasgow.

28—LINN AN AIGH—THE HAPPY AGE.



KEY (f. r | l : - . l : l . m | f . m : r : - . s | f . s : l : - . f | m' . m' : r' : - .)
 C. (An | uair bha Gàilig | aig na h-èibin Bha'm | bainne air an | lòn mar dhrùchd)
 When all the birds in Gaelic sang Milk lay like dew up - on the lea:



(f . t | m' : - . r' : t . l | f . m : s : - . t | r' . m' : l : - . d' | m . m : r : - . ||
 A | mbil a' fàs air bàrr an fhraoich, A | h-uils nì cho | saor 's am bùrn. ||
 The heath - er in - to honey sprang, And everything was good and fres.

Cha robh daoine a' paidheadh màil;
 Orra cha robh càin no cìs—
 Iasgach, sealgach agus coill
 Gun fhoighneachd aca 'us gun phrìs.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri;
 Cha robh cònnasachadh no streup ann;
 H-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnuidh
 Anns an t-seòl 'bu deòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air crìch no tòir;
 Bha gach dùil 'tigh'nn beò an sìth;
 Feum 's am bith cha robh air mòd,
 'Us lagh na còrach air a' chrìdh'.

Dh'òr no dh'airgid cha robh miagh;
 Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làimh;
 Cha d' fhiosraich bochduinn duine riamh,
 Nì 's mò a dh' iarr neach riamh cuid chàich.

Bha caoimhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh
 Anns gach àit am measg an t-sluaigh,
 Eadar far an d' éirich grian
 'Us far an laith i nìar 's a chnain,

An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-èibin.

No tax or tribute used to fall
 On honest men, nor any rent;
 To hunt and fish was free to all,
 And timber without price or stent.

There was no discord, war or strife,
 For none were wronged and none oppressed;
 But every one just led the life
 And did the things that pleased him best

All lived in peace, there was no sort
 Of prey or plunder, feud or fight;
 There was no need for any court—
 Their hearts contained the law of right.

For gold or silver no one cared,
 Yet want and woe were never near;
 All had enough, and richly fared,
 And none desired his neighbour's gear.

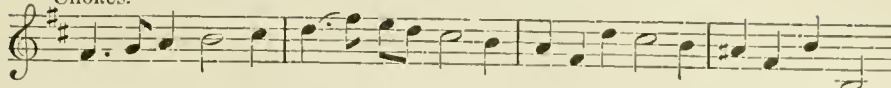
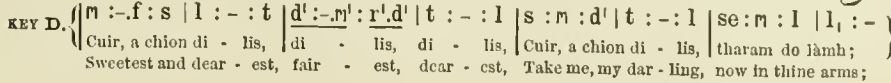
Love, pity, and good-will were spread
 Among the people everywhere,
 From where the morning rises red
 To where the evening shineth fair,

When all the birds in Gaelic sang.

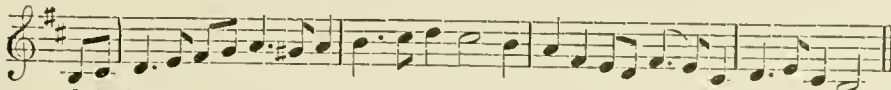
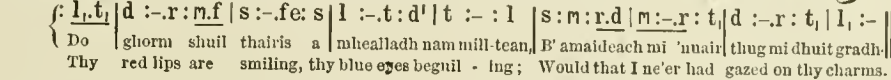
Gaelic song by J. MACCUARAIG.

29—CUIR A CHION DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

CHORUS.

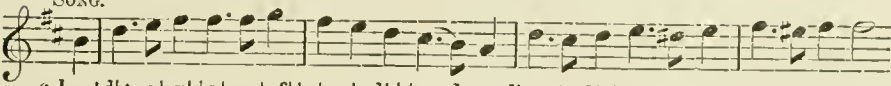
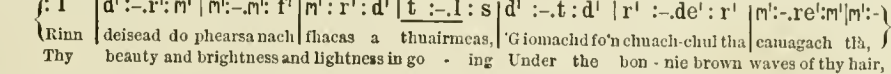
KEY D.  

$\{ m : - f : s \mid l : - : t \mid d' : - m' : r' d' \mid t : - : l \mid s : m : d' \mid t : - : l \mid se : m : l \mid l_1 : - \}$
 Cuir, a chion di - lis, di - lis, di - lis, Cuir, a chion di - lis, tharam do làmh;
 Sweetest and dear - est, fair - est, dear - est, Take me, my dar - ling, now in thine arms;

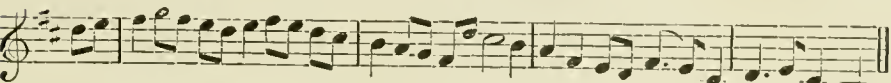
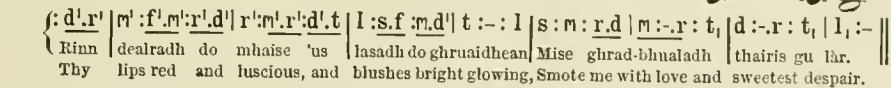
 

$\{ l_1 t_1 \mid d : - r : m f \mid s : - fe : s \mid l : - t : d' \mid t : - : l \mid s : m : r d \mid m : - r : t_1 \mid d : - r : t_1 \mid l_1 : - \}$
 Do ghorm shuil thairis a mhealladh nam mill-tean, B' amaideach mi 'nuair thug mi dhuit gradh;
 Thy red lips are smiling, thy blue eyes beguil - ing; Would that I ne'er had gazed on thy charms.

SONG.

$\{ l \mid d' : - r' : m' \mid m' : - m' : f' \mid m' : r' : d' \mid t : - : l : s \mid d' : - t : d' \mid r' : - de' : r' \mid m' : - re' : m' \mid m' : - \}$
 Rinn deisead do phearsa nach fhacas a thuairneas, 'Giomachd fo'n chnuch-chul tha canuagach tìà,
 Thy beauty and brightness and lightness in go - ing Under the bon - nie brown waves of thy hair,

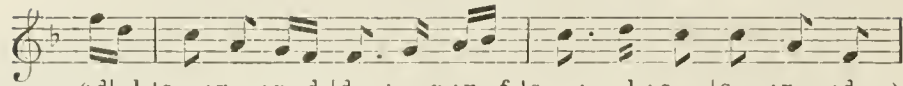
 

$\{ d' : r' \mid m' : f' : m' : r' d' \mid r' : m' : r' : d' t \mid l : s : f : m d' \mid t : - : l \mid s : m : r d \mid m : - r : t_1 \mid d : - r : t_1 \mid l_1 : - \}$
 Rinn dealradh do mhaire 'us lasadh do ghruaidhean, Mise ghrad-bhualadh thairis gu làr.
 Thy lips red and luscious, and blushes bright glowing, Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

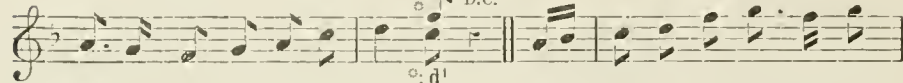
Do dhearc-shuilean glana, fo mhala gun
 ghruaimean,
 'S daingean a bhuail iad mise le d' ghràdh.
 Do ròs-bhilean tana, seimh, farasda suairce,
 Cladhaichear m' uaigh mur glac thu mo lamh.
 Thoir fuasgladh air m' auam, o'n cheangal is
 cruaidhe;
 Cuimhnich air t'uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs;
 Na biodhams a'm thràill dhuit gu bràth o an uairse;
 Ach tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu tìas.
 Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal, air leabaidh an
 uaigneas,
 'S m' aigne 'g a bhuaireadh dh' oidhche 's a là:
 Ach ainneir a's binne, 's a's grinne, 's a's suairce,
 Gabh-sa dhìom truas 'us bithidh mi slàn.

Thy blue eyes soft beaming and gleaming, my
 treasure,
 Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn,
 With passion have filled me, and thrilled me with
 pleasure;
 Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.
 Thy charms are ensnaring, despairing I languish;
 Free me—remember how noble thou art;
 No longer enslave me but save me from anguish:
 Love, sweetest love—let it soften thine heart.
 For me there's no sleeping; but weeping, grief-
 laden,
 Midnight and morning with sorrow I dwell;
 But, oh! should my sweetest and neatest young
 l'ity and love me, I soon should be well. [maiden]

30—A CHAILINN THA TAMH MU LOCH EITE—THE LASS BY LOCH EITE.

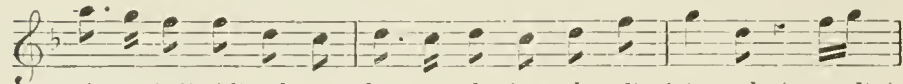


KEY F, f: d'. l | s : m : r. d | d : - . r : m. f | s : - . l : s | s : m : d }
 SEISD—(Cha'n eil mi mar b'abh - aist la seachduin no Sàbaid, 'S cha
 Dh'fhàs cianal air m'aig - ne bho'n thing mi 'chìad aire Do'n
 CHORUS—l'm dreary on Sun - day, I'm wea - ry on Mon - day, And
 A lovely young na - tive, from bon - nie Loch E - tive, Has
 D.C.

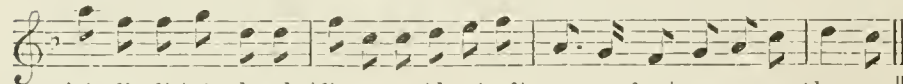


{ m : - . r : d | r : m : s | l : - . s : | m. f | s : l : d' | r' : - . d' : r' }
 dùisg - car á pràmh gu deagh ghleus mi; Bha àm ann 'us shaoil mi nach
 chailinn tha tamh mu Loch Eite.
 noth - ing can wake me to glad - ness; I once had the no - tion, that for
 filled me with love and with sad - ness.

* First time end with F (doh!); second time end with C (soh).



{ m' : - . r' : d' | d' : l : s | l : - . s : l | s : l : d' | r' : - . l | : : d'. r' }
 beanadh an gaol rium 'S nach maothaicheadh idir mo chridh' ris; Ach
 love's strange e - mo - tion My heart was too careless and list - less; I've



{ m' : d' : d' | r' : l : l | d' : s : s | l : t : d' | m : - . r : d | r : m : s | l : - . s }
 chaochail am beachd sin 'us tha mi nìs faicinn Gur deac - air e duine bhi strìth ris.
 changed that opinion, I've felt its do - minion, And find that its sway is re - sist - less.

Aig coinninnh na h-bigrìdh 's ann chuir mi 'n
 ceud eòlas
 Air an òg-chailinn choimbleanta, chiataich;
 'Us cha tig e an gradaig a mhùchas an t-sradag
 A rinn ise fhadadh 'n am chliabh-sa.
 Cha dùth dhomh bhi luaidh air na feartan thug
 buaidh orm,
 'S a mhosgail bho shuaimhneas gu bròn mi—
 A gnòis fhoinnidh, fhathail, a shìlean caoin, tairis,
 'S a binn-bheul o 'm blasda thig còmhraidh.
 Is finealta, unsal a bens 'us a gluasad;
 Is ceanalta, suaice a nàdur;
 'N a pearsa cho loinneil, 'n a deise cho sgoinneil—
 Cha 'n iognadh ged 's toigh leam a' ghriùilheag.
 'S e cuspair mo smaointean a latha 's a dh' oidheche
 A dh' fhoillseachadh seòl air bhi reidh rith',
 'Chionn mur faigh mi a buannachd ri 'm bheò
 bidh mi truagh dheth,
 Fo sgàil dhuibh gun suaimhneas gun
 èibhneas.

At a young people's meeting I first got her
 greeting,
 This fair one for whom I am yearning,
 And her loveliness threw some love sparks in my
 bosom,
 That still are unquenchably burning.
 The graces displayed in this charming young
 maiden
 Are past all my powers of relation:
 Her smile that entrances, her bright loving
 glances,
 Her artless and sweet conversation—
 Each feature and gesture, each fold of her vesture,
 Each word and each motion discover
 She's peerlessly pretty, wise, modest and witty—
 Dear lassie, no wonder I love her!
 Both sleeping and waking my heart it is aching;
 To win her esteem I'll endeavour;
 And if my enslaver deny me her favour,
 My life shall be clouded for ever.

New song by Mr M. MACFARLANE; translation by L. M. The air is known as "Airdh nam badan."

31—CRONAN—A LULLABY.

KEY A. { m : r : d | m : r : d | r : d : r | m : - : s }

Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an gaol - ach,
Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, O,

{ m : r : d | m : r : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : s₁ }

Cag - ar - an, fogh - aint - each, fear de mo dhaoi - nc
Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - - ro;

{ s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | d : r : m | r : d : r | m : - : s }

Goid - idh e gobh - air dhomh, goid - idh e caoir - ich,
None will be big - ger, or brav - er, or strong - er:

{ f : m : r | d : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | r : - : d }

Goid - idh e cap - ull 'us mart o na raoin - tean.
Lull - a - by, lit - tle one, cry - ing no long - er.

Cagaran lagbach thu, cagaran caomh thu,
Cagaran odhar, na chuinneam do chaoine;
Goididh e gobhair 'us goididh e caoirich,
Goididh e sithionn o fhireach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dùin do shùilean,
Dean an cadalan beag 'na mo sgùrdaich;
Rinn thu an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,
Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu!

Thuit e 'na chadalan thuit e 'na shuainean;
Cairisidh ainglean gu cairdeil mu'n cuairt da;
Cluinnidh e'n guthan a cagar 'na chluasan,
'S bitheadh fiamh-ghàire air gràdhan 'na bhruadar!

Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby,
He'll be a hero and fight for us maybe;
Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be:
None will be bolder or braver than baby.

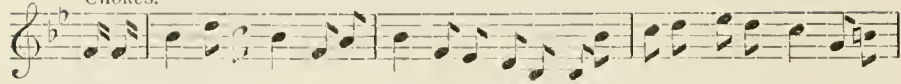
Softly and silently eyelids are closing;
Dearest wee jewel, so gently he's dosing;
Softly he's resting by slumber o'ertaken;
Soundly he's sleeping and sweetly he'll waken.

Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him;
Angels are lovingly watching around him—
Beautiful spirits, his sorrow beguiling,
Sweetly they whisper, and baby is smiling!

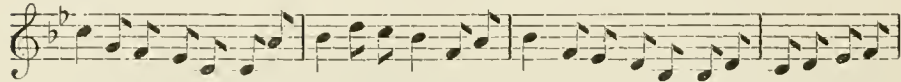
The three first verses of the Gaelic are relics of an old Lochaber lullaby.

32—BAN-RIGH BHICTORIA—QUEEN VICTORIA.

CHORUS.

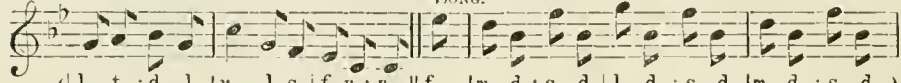


KEY B♭. {S₁.S₁ | ḍ : ṃ.r | ḍ : s₁.t₁ | ḍ : s₁.f₁ | m₁.ḍ₁:ḍ₁.ḍ | ṛ : ṃ : f̣ .ṃ | ṛ : ḷ₁.de }
{Cuiribh | fonn air an dàn so an | can - aín ar n-aithrichean, 'Us | togaibh leam an t-seisd so, gu }
Now a bold and sonorous good chorus from Highlanders: Ring out your hearty cheers, Mountain

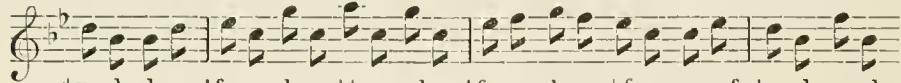


{ṛ : ḷ₁.s₁ | f₁.r₁ : r₁.t₁ | ḍ : ṃ.r | ḍ : s₁.t₁ | ḍ : s₁.f₁ | m₁.ḍ₁:ḍ₁.m₁ | r₁.m₁ : f₁.s₁ }
{h-eutrom 's gu caithreamach; Tha | clanna nan Gaidheal tha | tamh measgnam mor-bheanna, Le | durachd ag cur }
eers and brave Islanders; All join this refrain, for the reign, long and glorious, The royal rule of

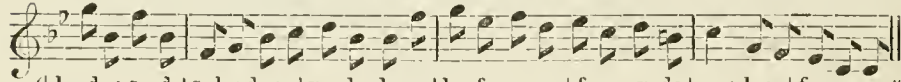
SONG.



{ḷ₁.t₁ : ḍ .ḷ₁ | ṛ .ḷ₁.s₁ | f₁.r₁ : r₁. } f̣ | ṃ .ḍ : ṣ .ḍ | ḷ .ḍ : ṣ .ḍ | ṃ .ḍ : ṣ .ḍ }
{fàilt air a' | Bhan-rìgh'n Victoria. Tha | Sasunn doirteadh mach a h-òir á | storasaibh gu }
blessings full, the good Queen Victoria's. The Saxon land, with lavish hand, has shown her liber-



{ṃ .ḍ : ḍ .ṃ | f̣ .ṛ : ḷ .ṛ | ṭ .ṛ : ḷ .ṛ | f̣ .ṣ : ḷ .ṣ | f̣ .ṛ : ṛ .f̣ | ṃ .ḍ : ṣ .ḍ }
{luhantach; An | Eirinn fhein a' deanamh streip a | mi-thlachd gheur a thiomachadh; Na | Cuirich agus }
al - i - ty; Ev'n Erin's Isle resumes her smile of sweetest, rarest qual - i - ty; On Lowland dales and



{ḷ .ḍ : ṣ .ḍ | s₁.ḷ₁:ḍ .ṛ | ṃ .ḍ : ḍ .ṣ | ḷ .f̣ : ṣ .ṃ | f̣ .ṛ : ṃ .de | ṛ : ḷ₁.s₁ | f₁.r₁ : r₁. }
{Goill nah-Alb' cur | aird air mar is urrainn daibh, A | choisreagadh gu h-uasal fialaidh | bliadhna na | h-inbhl! }
hills of Wales, that ancient Principal - i - ty, This Jub - i - lee they keep with glee, and free cordi - al - i - ty!

Ach sinne, Gàidheil nan crìochan garbh,
Is tearc 's an àm ar fìneachan;
Is entrom, falamh, fàs, gun òr,
Ar pòcanman 's ar n-iomhasan;
Cha'n e ar nòs bhì spàideil, spòrsail,
Bruidlmeach, bòsdail, mìodalach,
'Tis tairgidh sinn, mar sin, do'n Bhanrigh'n
Làn-ghradh ar cridheachan.
Gun lìon i mòran Eithean fhathast
Cathair àrd nam Breatninnach;
Gu'm fas a càirdean lionmhòr, làn;
Gu'm faigh a nàmhaid beagachadh;
Gu'm meal l' sonas, gràdh an t-sìbigh,
'Us glòir 'n a làithibh deireannach;
'S na leanas iadsan thig 'n a dèigh
'N a ceumaidh cha 'n eagal duinn.
Am meas nan linn a b' airde glòir,
Le'n daoine mòra, foghainteach;
Am meas nam fìne choisinn clìt
Fo rìghribh chiseil, comasach—
A dh'aindheoin beachd nan eachdraichean—
Gu deimhin, 's iad na roghainn-sa
Ar cinneadh fein, an linn a tha
'S ar Bhanrigh'n Victoria.

But we the Gaels, in lonely vales
Beyond the frowning Grampians,
Though clansmen true, are poor and few,
Bereft of chiefs and champions.
Though we've been proud and never bowed
With praises loud to royalty,
Our Queen and land shall aye command
Our hand, heart and loyalty.
Long may she reign o'er land and main,
No loss or pain distressing her,
Her friends increasing, foes decreasing,
Health unceasing blessing her;
Long may her people shower upon her
Love and honour merited;
May sons unborn her virtues see
By kings to be inherited.
Of every age upon the page
Of Britain's sage historian,
For this we claim the highest fame,
This age we name Victorian;
And surely none such victories won
So wisely, bravely, humanly;
And than our Lady none has been
More queenly or womanly.

Gaelic song written for this collection by Mr M. MACFARLANE.

PART II.

Sacred Songs of the Gael.

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(Nos. 1, 2, 3, 17, and 22 are Harmonised.)

1—LUCHD-TURUIS NA BEATHA—LIFE'S PILGRIMS.



Nach falc thu an sluagh, do chala nam buadh A fluair thu na stuadhan beuc - ach?
Life's pilgrims, at rest in the isles of the blest, No storms can molest for ev - er;

KEY F. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : d : r : m | m : - : s : m | r : d : r | m : - : d | l_1 : d : l_1 | s_1 : - : d : m | r : - : d : - \\ d : d : t_1 : d | d : - : m : d | t_1 : d : t_1 | d : - : m_1 | f_1 : l_1 : f_1 | s_1 : - : s_1 | f_1 : - : m_1 : - \\ m : s : s : s | s : - : s : s | s : m : s | s : - : m | d : d : d | d : - : d | t_1 : - : d : - \\ d : m : r : d | d : - : d : d | s_1 : l_1 : s_1 | d : - : l_1 | f_1 : f_1 : f_1 | m_1 : - : m_1 | s_1 : - : d : - \end{array} \right\}$



Tha sonas is sith a lionadh gach cridh, 'S cha sgarar iad chaoidh bho chei - le.
But peacefully there all blessings they share, Sweet fellowship ne'er to sev - er.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : l : d^1 : l | s : - : s : m | r : d : l | s : - : d | l_1 : d : l_1 | s_1 : - : d : m | r : - : d : - \\ d : d : d : d | d : - : m : d | t_1 : d : d | d : - : s_1 | l_1 : f_1 : f_1 | m_1 : - : d | d : t_1 : - : d : - \\ m : f : l : f | m : - : s | f : m : f | s : - : s : m | d : d : d | d : - : m : s | s : - : f | m : - \\ d : f : f : f | d : - : d | s_1 : l_1 : f_1 | m_1 : - : m_1 | f_1 : l_1 : f_1 | d : - : d | s_1 : - : d : - \end{array} \right\}$

Tha'n truaighean aig cridh, tha cruin air an cinn,
Gu binn thu iad seinn le eibhneas,
Toirt moladh is cliu dh' Fhear-saoraidh an ruin,
Thug sabhailt 'g a dh' ionnsuidh fein iad.

Nuair theann iad ri falbh bha'n t-slighe dhaibh dorch,
'S mu'n cuairt dhaibh bha'n stoirm a seideadh
Gu' robh iomadh ni cur eagal 'na cridh
Bha'm peacanna lionmhor a' itidh.

Chaidh sgapadh 's na neoil bha cur orra sgleo,
Is chunnaic iad gloir an Treun-thir :
Le creideamh 'na ghradh 's na umhlachd 'nan ait,
Iad fein thug iad dha le eibhneas.

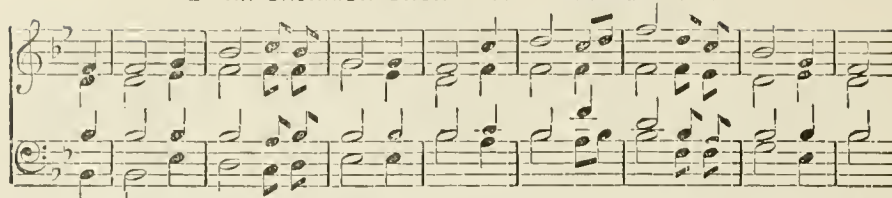
Now free from all pain, in glory they reign,
With sweetest refrain high swelling ;
His praises, who bore them safe to that shore,
Their songs evermore are telling.

They set out in fear, their journey seemed drear,
And tempests severe distressed them ;
Dire trouble they found, dark night on them frowned,
And sins all around sore pressed them.

Their terrors were quelled, their darkness dispelled,
God's light they beheld down-pouring ;
With faith in His grace, they came to His place,
And fell on their face, adoring.

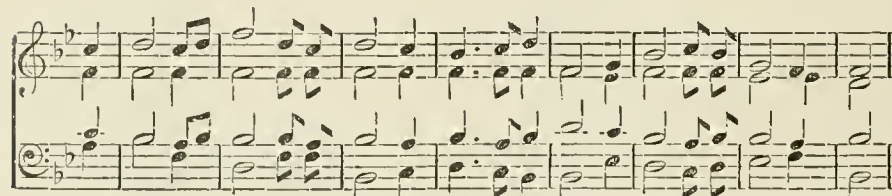
The verses are from JOHN MACLEAN'S "Saorsa tre fhuil an Uain," translated by L. MACBEAN. Slightly different versions of the air appeared in the "Popular Gaelic Melodies," and Professor BROWN'S "Thistle." The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

2—AN DACHAIDH BHUAN—THE LASTING HAME.



Air dhomh bhí sealltuinn air saoghal truagh Chi mi caochladh tigh'n air gach uair,
In this pair warl', fu' o' sin an' shame, Where death an' change can ilk moment claim,

KEY: S₁ S₁:-: l₁ d:-: r d l₁:-: l₁ S₁:-: r m:-: r m s:-: m r d:-: l₁ S₁:-:
B.P. m₁ m₁:-: f₁ S₁:-: s₁ S₁ l₁:-: f₁ m₁:-: s₁ S₁:-: s₁ S₁ f₁ m₁:-: f₁ m₁:-:
d d:-: d d:-: t₁ d d:-: d d:-: r d:-: s m:-: d t₁ d:-: d d:-:
d₁ d₁:-: f₁ m₁:-: r m₁ f₁:-: f₁ d:-: t₁ d:-: t₁ d:-: s₁ S₁ l₁:-: f₁ d:-:



Chi mi daoine a cur an cul riomh, 'Sa dol gu dluth chum an Dachaidh Bhuan.
Where frien's are ev - er frae frien's di - vid - in', Tae gang an' bide in the Lasting Hame,

{ r m:-: r m s:-: m r m:-: r d:-: r m s₁:-: l₁ d:-: r d l₁:-: s₁ S₁:-:
S₁ S₁:-: S₁ S₁:-: s₁ S₁:-: s₁ S₁:-: s₁ S₁:-: f₁ S₁:-: s₁ S₁ f₁:-: f₁ m₁:-:
r d:-: t₁ d d:-: d t₁ d:-: t₁ d:-: t₁ d m:-: r d:-: t₁ d d:-: t₁ d:-:
t₁ d:-: s₁ m₁:-: s₁ S₁ d₁:-: r₁ m₁:-: r₁ d₁:-: f₁ m₁:-: r₁ m₁ f₁:-: s₁ d₁:-:

Tha sean is o' a dol sios do'n uaigh,
Air lag 's air laidir tha'm bàs toirt buaidh,
Nuair thig an t-am dhaibh an saoghal fhagail,
Ma's tinn no slàn iad, cha tann iad uair.

Ach 's rabhadh mor sud do chach de'n t-sluagh
'S is mithich dhomhsa gun chur fad uam,
Tha rabhadh garbh ann bhi deas gu falbh as
Oir tha'n taigh talmhaidh gu tigh'n a nuas.

Ach ma's fàran thu fhaidh an fàinm,
'S do'n d' rinnadh prìseal an t'ì thug buaidh,
Tha 'g iarraidh imeachd an ceum na fàinm,
Is t' aghaidh dìreach air Sìon shuas;

'S na h-uile cuis anns am bi ort feum,
'S e fantuinn dluth ris, fo sgàil a sgeith,
Eheir ort gun giùlan thu h-uile cuis diubh,
Nuair bhitheas do shuill ris na dh' fhuiling e.

Is ge' tha chairdean an so air chuairt
Bheir e an aird iad, is gheibh iad duais;
Nuair thig am bàs theid iad suas gu Pàrras,
'S bi' iad gu brath aig an Dachaidh Bhuan.

Baith young an' auld tae the grave are ta'en,
Baith weak an' bauld death will mak' his ain,
In health or sickness, in peace or anger,
They can nae langer on earth remain.

A solemn warnin' is this tae a',
That I maun never pit far awa'
But aye be ready, for this is tellin'
The earthly dwellin' is sune tae fa'.

But if we ken the sweet joyfu' soinn',
An' ha'e our treasure in Jesus foun',
An' tread the pathway o' truth an' blessin'
Still forward pressin', tae Zion boun',

In ilka trial we ha'e tae bear
We'll nestle near Him, there's shelter there,
For if we trust Him, whate'er betide us,
He'll save an' guide us for ever mair.

His frien's on earth He will ne'er disclaim,
But bring wi' joy a' that lo'e His name,
Frae His dear presence nae mair tae sever,
But share for ever His Lasting Hame.

From the favourite hymn by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air was noted down for this collection from a Gaelic singer, and harmonized by Mr MURRAY, Glasgow.

3—AN AISEIRIGH—THE RESURRECTION.

Solemn expression.



	Air meadh-on oidhch' nuair bhios an saogh'l	Air aomadh thairis ann an suain,
	At midnight, when a slumber deep has ov - er man and nature passed,	
KEY	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{M}_1 \\ \text{M}_2 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1 \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\ \text{M}_1 : - . \text{M}_1 \text{f}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{M}_1 \\ \text{M}_2 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{I}_1 : - . \text{t}_1 \text{d} : - . \text{t}_1 \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1 \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\ \text{M}_1 : - . \text{M}_1 \text{M}_1 : - . \text{M}_1 \text{M}_1 : - . \text{M}_1 \text{M}_1 : \text{M}_1 \end{array}$
B ⁿ	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{d} : - . \text{d} \text{d} : \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 : \text{ce}_1 \text{I}_1 : - . \text{t}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{d} : - . \text{d} \text{d} : \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 : \text{se}_1 \text{I}_1 : - . \end{array}$
	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{M}_1 \\ \text{M}_2 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{M}_1 : - . \text{M}_1 \text{I}_1 : - . \text{se}_1 \text{I}_1 : - . \text{t}_1 \text{d} : \text{I}_1 \\ \text{M}_1 : - . \text{M}_1 \text{f}_1 : - . \end{array}$	



	Grad dhuise gear suas an cinn - e - daoin'	Le guth na trom - paid 's airde fuaim.
	Mankind shall be awaked from sleep,	By sound of the last trumpet's blast.
$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{M}_1 \\ \text{M}_2 \end{array} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{M}_1 : \text{I}_1 \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\ \text{d}_1 : \text{M}_1 \text{M}_1 : \text{M}_1 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{I}_1 : - . \text{t}_1 \text{d} : - . \text{r} \text{M} : \text{f} \text{M} : - . \text{r} \text{d} : \text{t}_1 \text{I}_1 : - . \\ \text{se}_1 \text{I}_1 : \text{d} \text{d} : \text{d} \text{d} : - . \text{r} \text{M} : - . \text{t}_1 \text{d} : \text{t}_1 \text{d} : - . \text{I}_1 \text{I}_1 : \text{se}_1 \text{I}_1 : - . \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{M}_1 \\ \text{M}_2 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{I}_1 : - . \text{t}_1 \text{d} : - . \text{r} \text{M} : \text{f} \text{M} : - . \text{r} \text{d} : \text{t}_1 \text{I}_1 : - . \\ \text{se}_1 \text{I}_1 : \text{d} \text{d} : \text{d} \text{d} : - . \text{r} \text{M} : - . \text{t}_1 \text{d} : \text{t}_1 \text{d} : - . \text{I}_1 \text{I}_1 : \text{se}_1 \text{I}_1 : - . \end{array}$
	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{M}_1 \\ \text{M}_2 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \text{d} : \text{I}_1 \\ \text{I}_1 : - . \text{S}_1 \text{d}_1 : - . \text{f}_1 \text{M}_1 : \text{r}_1 \text{d}_1 : - . \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{M}_1 \\ \text{M}_2 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{I}_1 : - . \text{S}_1 \text{d}_1 : - . \text{f}_1 \text{M}_1 : \text{r}_1 \text{d}_1 : - . \text{r}_1 \text{M}_1 : \text{M}_1 \text{I}_1 : - . \end{array}$

Air neul ro ard ni fhoillseach' féin,
Ard-aingeal treun le trompaid mbòir;
Is gairmidh air an t-saogh'l gu léir,
Iad a ghrad éiridh chum a' mhòid.

Seididh e le sgàl cho cruaidh,
'S gu'n cnir e sléibhte 's cuan 'nan ruith;
Clisgidh na bhios marbh 'san uaigh,
Is na bhios beò le h-uamhunn erith.

Le h-osaig dhoionnaich a bheil
An saogh'l so reubaidh e gu garg,
'S mar dhùn an t-seangain dol 'na ghluais,
Grad bhrèididh 'n uaigh a nìos a' mairbh.

Mosglaidh na fireanaich an tàs,
Is dùisgear iad gu léir o'n suain,
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghlòir,
Ga'n còmhachadh aig beul na h-uaigh'.

Le aoibhneas togaidh iad an ceann,
'Ta àm am fuasglaidh orra dlù;
Is mar chraoibh-nheas fo ionlan blàth
Tha dreach an Slànaighear 'nan gnùis.

Ach daoine uaibhreach leis nach b' fhiu
Gu 'n ùmhlaicheadh iad-féin do Dhia;
O! faic a nìs' iad air an glùn;
A' deanamh ùrnuigh ris gach sliabh.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glòrmhor suas,
Ard bhratach Chrìosd da'n suaineas fuil,
A chruinneachadh na ghluais sa' chòir
'S d'a fhuilangas rinn dòigh is bun.

A great archangel on a cloud,
With sounding trumpet, will be seen,
Calling mankind, with accents loud,
To the last Judgment to convene.

Then at that awful trumpet sound
The hills and seas shall flee away,
The dead shall startle in the ground,
The living tremble in dismay.

This solid earth shall rend and rive
By tempest breath, before him sped;
And, like an ant-hill all alive,
The grave shall yield her countless dead.

The righteous dead shall first awake
From restful sleep, and life resume;
Their souls shall down from glory break,
And meet them at the open tomb.

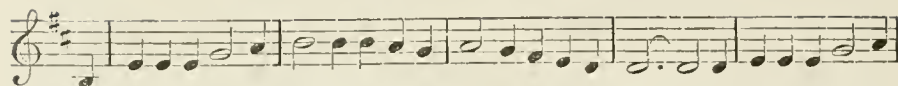
They shall with joy lift up their head,
For their Deliverer is near;
Like blossoms fair on fruit trees spread,
His likeness shall in them appear.

But haughty men who would not deign
Before Almighty God to bow,
Oh, see them on their knees, in vain
Praying to rocks and mountains now!

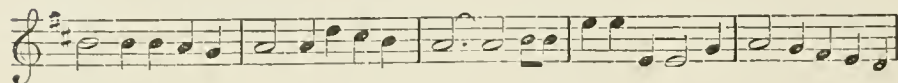
Then shall a glorious angel raise
Christ's blood-stained banner, waving free,
To gather those that loved His ways
And made His sufferings their plea.

Words from BUCHANAN'S "Day of Judgment." Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air is of Ossianic origin, and a good version of it was recovered by the late J. F. CAMPBELL of Islay. The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

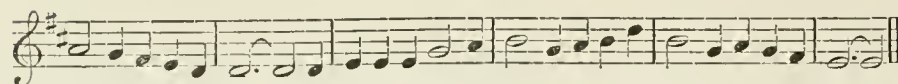
4—GLOIR AN UAIN—THE GLORY OF THE LAMB.



KEY: $\text{f } 1_1$ | r: r: r: f: - : s | l: - : l | l: s: f | s: - : f | m: r: d | d: - : - : d | r: r: r: f: - : s)
 D. (Tha Sion a' seinn co binn's isurrainn, Toirt m'le urram do'n Uan, 'S a' seinn air a ghaol nach)
 Hark! Sion loud rings her King's high praises, She sings and raises her voice His power to proclaim who



| l: - : l | l: s: f | s: - : s | d: t: l | s: - : - : l | l: r: r: r: r: - : f | s: - : f | m: r: d)
 caochail tuille; 'S e shaor i buileach o'n truaigh; Halle-luiah gu buan aig sluagh nam flatheas A'
 came to aid her, His fame who made her His choice. Hallelujahs prolong the song that's given A-



| s: - : f | m: r: d | d: - : - : d | r: r: r: f: - : s | l: - : f | s: l: d: l: - : f | s: f: m: r: - : - : ||
 cuairteach' cathair an Rìgh, 'S na leanas an t-Uan de'n t-sluagh air thalamh, So'n shuaim nì tairis an cridh'.
 mong high heaven's bright host; And all who would here live near to Jesna, That dear sound pleases them most.

O, 's beag a chaidh luaidh dhe bhuaidhean taitneach,
 Measg sluagh 's tu's maisich na cach,
 'S tu's maisich na ghrian, 's tu miann nan cinneach,
 'S do bhriathran sìleadh le gras;
 Is tu meangan cliuiteach, ur, dh'fhàs fallain,
 'S tu luh' gu talamh o ghloir;
 'S an toradh a ghiulain thu, ma shireas,
 Gheihh Iudhaich 's cionich dhe coir.

'Se ghaol a bha sìorruidh rìraich sinne,
 Is Dia bhi leinne 's an fheoil;
 Is cupan a ghaol bhi taomadh thairis,
 'Se saor dha 'r n-anam ri ol;
 Tha ainmhuichean solais, ghlormhor, fallain,
 Tigh'b beo o charraig nan al,
 So 'm fìor-uisge beo chuireas ceol 's gach anam
 A dh'olas glan e mar tha.

Tha t-ainm mar an driuchd, nì's cubhraidh na oladh
 'S o d'fhianuis thig solus is gras,
 'S tha briathran do bheil mar cheir na meala
 Toirt sgeul d'ar n-anam air slaint'.
 'S tu leomhann treubh Iudah, flur nan gaisgeach,
 'S tu dhuig a nìach as an uaigh;
 'S bith' naimhdean do ghloir 'n an stol fo d'chosailbh
 'S do mhorachd marcachd le buaidh.

Oh! who can declare how fair and gracious,
 How rare and precious His worth?
 That Branch of Renown with crown of blessing,
 Weighed down and pressing to earth,
 The Faithful and True, the Dew on Sion,
 And Judah's Lion most strong,
 The Arm of the Lord, the Word most glorious,
 With sword victorious o'er wrong.

The love He bestowed long flowed high swelling,
 For God was dwelling in flesh;
 Those streams full and free that we inherit,
 The weary spirit refresh.
 We joy in Thy sight, Delight of Nations,
 Whose might salvation has won,
 Sweet Star, pure and bright, our night adorning,
 Our Light of Morning and Sun.

We praise Thee, O Lord, adored of heaven,
 Whose word has given us breath,
 Thy greatness is ours, Thy powers unending
 Are towers defending from death.
 O Mighty to save! all favour giving,
 Thou ever-living "I am,"
 Creation shall raise loud praise resounding,
 For aye surrounding the Lamb.

From the hymn bearing this title by P. GRANT. The English, by L. MACBEAN, is not a translation, but imitates the expressions and poetical form of the Gaelic verses.

5-LAOIDH MOLAIDH—HYMN OF PRAISE.

D.C

KEY: f C. r

f : - . m | l : f | m : - | r : m | f : - . m | r : f . m | r : - | - }

A Shlànauighear ro ghèr - mhor, Mo thcoir ged bha mi mall,
 Bu tu fear-stiùraidh n' òi - ge, Gu m' threòreach anns gach ball;
 O Lord, I sing Thy prais - es, Who art my strength and stay;
 My lead - er through life's maz - es, To bring me to Thy way;

f . r . m | f : - . s | l : l | d' : - | l : l | d' : - . d' | r' : d' . r' | m' : - | - }

'S na'n d' fhag thu mi 's an uair sin, Du truagh dhomh hhos is thall,
 Thou didst not leave me stray - ing When I a - far would go,

f . m' . r' | d' : - . r' | d' : l . s | f : - | l : l . s | f : - . m | r : f . m | r : - | - ||

'S mi cluich air bruaich ain-eibh - inn, Is nach bu leir dhomh 'n call!
 With heed - less footsteps play - iug Up - on the brink of woe!

Oir dh'fhoillsich thu do glòir dhomh
 'S bha mais' gu leoir 'n ad ghnais,
 'S nuair thuir thu "Mair-sa heo" 's ann
 Rinn m'anam sòlas ùr;
 Is grian 's is gràth do lathaireachd,
 Is bheir thu gràs is glòir,
 'S na gheibh bhì ann ad fhabboir
 Bheir thu dhaibh slainte mhor.

Mo charaid thu, na fàg mi,
 'S an fhasach stiur mo cheum,
 Thoir neart a reir an la dhomh,
 Na fàg-sa mi 's na treig;
 Is nuair nì tinn mo bhualadh,
 'S nach dean an sluagh dhomh feum,
 Dean thus' mo leahaidh suaimbneach,
 A' cluinntiun luaidh ort fein.

Nuair thionailas mo chairdean,
 'S an uaigh 'g am charamh sìos,
 Bidh 'n uaigh 'n a leabaidh thamh dhomh,
 Gus an la an tig thu ris;
 Bi dluth troimh ghleann a' bhàis domh,
 'S a ghaoil, na fàg-sa mi
 Gus 'm faic mi ann ad ghloir thu
 Fad shiorruidheachd mhor gun chrìch.

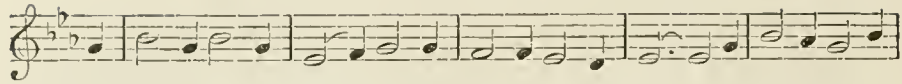
For Thou, Thy glory showing,
 Madest me Thy beauty see;
 Thy love has been bestowing
 New life and joy on me.
 Thon grace and glory givest,
 Thou art a Sun and Shield,
 Thou only ever livest,
 Thy words salvation yield.

O Lord, do not forsake me,
 But guide me as a friend,
 And strong in heart still make me,
 For what Thy love may send.
 When seized by sore diseases,
 Which no kind hand allays,
 Make Thon my hed, Lord Jesus,
 And hear me sing Thy praise.

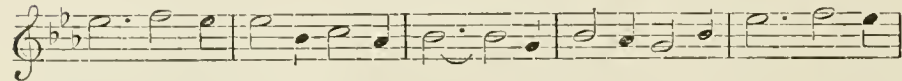
When friends, with grief high swelling,
 Have laid me 'neath the sod,
 The grave shall be my dwelling,
 Until the day of God.
 Through death's dark vale victorious,
 Oh, let me lean on Thee,
 And let me see Thee glorious,
 Through all eternity.

Words from a sacred song by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACBEAN. The melody has not been printed before.

6—AN FÀITE BH AG EOIN—WHERE JOHN LAY.



KEY: f^{\flat} E^{\flat} m | $\text{s}:-\text{m}$ | $\text{s}:-\text{m}$ | $\text{d}:-\text{r}$ | $\text{m}:-\text{m}$ | $\text{r}:-\text{r}$ | $\text{d}:-\text{t}$ | $\text{d}:-\text{t}$ | m | $\text{s}:-\text{f}$ | $\text{m}:-\text{s}$ |
 (S i | nigh-can Shi-on's | fearr dheth, 's i | fhuair am fa-bhoir mor, Bhi | tigh inn as an |
 How blessed Si-on's daugh-ter, who leaneth by the way Upon her strong Be-



{ $\text{d}:-\text{t}$ | $\text{r}:-\text{d}$ | $\text{d}:-\text{s}$ | $\text{l}:-\text{f}$ | $\text{s}:-\text{t}$ | m | $\text{s}:-\text{f}$ | $\text{m}:-\text{s}$ | $\text{d}:-\text{t}$ | $\text{r}:-\text{d}$ | }
 fhasach, is | Fear a graidh 'na coir, . . Cha'n | iarrainn's tuille fa-bhoir no |
 lov-ed, her nev-er - failing stay! It is the greatest bless-ing for



{ $\text{d}:-\text{t}$ | $\text{l}:-\text{s}$ | $\text{s}:-\text{t}$ | m | $\text{s}:-\text{m}$ | $\text{s}:-\text{m}$ | $\text{d}:-\text{r}$ | $\text{m}:-\text{m}$ | $\text{r}:-\text{d}$ | $\text{t}:-\text{r}$ | $\text{d}:-\text{t}$ | }
 gras an tir nam beo, . . Ach | luidhair nehd an t-Slan'gheir, an | t-ait'anns an robh Eoin.
 which I ev-er pray, . . To lean on Jesus' bo-som, where John at supper lay.

Bhiodh am broilleach blath sin'g am arach 's blithinn
 beo,
 Le neart nam briathran grasmhor ri'n iarraidh b'fhearr
 na'n t-or,
 Bhiodh m'anam air a shasach le pairt de'n aran beo,
 'Nuair gheibhinn bhi fo sgail-san, an t-ait'anns an robh
 Eoin.

Cha b'eagal leam an tra' sin gach namhaid th'air mo
 thoir,
 'S gu'm b'e do ghairdean grasmhor mo neart, mo shlaime
 's mo threoir,
 Cha sgaradh heath' no bas mi gu brath o ghaol co mor,
 Bha cordan graidh co laidir 's an ait'anns an robh Eoin.
 'S nuair dh'fhailnicheas mo bhuaidhean 's mi dol thoirt
 suas an deo,
 Cha dean Rìgh nan Uamhas mo sgaradh uat 's thu beo,
 Nuair bhios mo chridhe failinn 's mi fagail gleann nan
 deoir,
 Bu mhath an leabaidh bhais sud bhi anns an ait' bh'aig
 Eoin.

'S ma dhuiscas mi 'n a iomhaigh fo dhion 's an latha
 mhor,
 'Se fein 'n a sgail 's 'n a ghrian domh, 's mi riarichte gu
 leoir,
 Chaithinnse an t-siornuidheachd 's cha'n iarrainn tuille
 gloir,
 Ach suidhe sios fo sgail 's an ait'anns an robh Eoin.

Then would that loving bosom my trembling form,
 enfold,
 I'd hear His words most gracious, more precious far
 than gold;
 I'd feed on living bread, and His loving face behold,
 When laid beneath His shadow where John reclined
 of old.

Nor death nor life could tear me from love so leal and
 long,
 When hidden there I'd fear not the enemy's angry
 throng,
 For then the strength He wieldeth would all to me
 belong,
 And oh! where John was lying the cords of love are
 strong.

And when my life is ebbing, my earthly journey o'er,
 Thy love shall never fail me when terrors press me sore,
 When passing through the valley whence I return no
 more,
 Oh, happy were my death-bed where John reclined of
 yore.

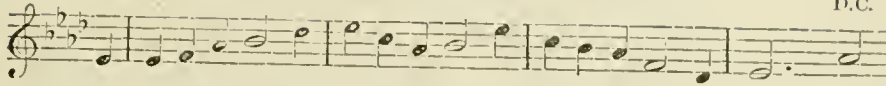
If I waken in Thy likeness when Thy great day has shone,
 With Thee for sun and shield when the earth and seas
 are gone,
 Oh, this is what my heart would be ever set upon,
 To sit beneath Thy shade in the place Thou gav'st to
 John.

Hymn by P. GRANT; translation by L. MACBEAN. Tune noted down for this collection from a Gaelic singer.

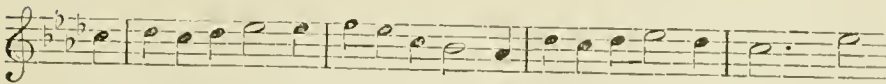
7-AM BÀS-DEATH.

Solemnly.

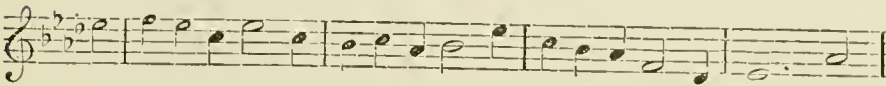
D.C.



KEY: S₁ | S₁ : l₁ : d | r : - : f | s : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l₁ : - : f₁ | S₁ : - : - | d : - :
 A². { Se mo bheachd ort, a Bhais, Gur brais' thu ri pairt, 'S gun teachdaire laid - ir tréun the.
 An cog-adh no'm blàr Cha toir-ear do shàr, 'S aon duine cha'n fhàir do threig - sinn.
 O Death, thou art still A herald of ill, Thy grasp, hard and chill, ne'er fail - eth;
 Where warri - ors fight Thou showest thy might, To shun thee no flight a - vail - eth



{ m | f : m : f | s : - : s | l : s : m | r : - : d | f : m : f | s : - : f | m : - : - | s : - :
 Ach 's teachdair ro dlàn Thu tighinn os àird, Oir buailidh tu stataibh 's deire - ean,
 O messenger drear, No pity or fear Saves peasant or peer before thee;



{ s | l : s : m | s : - : m | r : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l₁ : - : f₁ | S₁ : - : - | d : - :
 Cha bhacar le pris Air ais thu a rls 'S tu dheasbhuidh an ti mu'n teid thu.
 For gold and for gain Thou hast but disdain, And victims in vain implore thee.

Glacaidh tu chloinn,
 A mach bho na bhroinn,
 Mu's faic iad an soills' air eigin;
 Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,
 Dol an coinnmh an oig.
 Mu'm faodar am posadh eigheachd;
 Ma's beag no ma's mior
 Ma's sean no ma's og,
 Ma's cleachdadh dhuinn coir no eucoir;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beo,
 Is anail 'n ar sroin,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich ud.

A Chumhachd a tha
 Cur h-ugainn a' bhais,
 Gun teagamh nach paighear fheich da,
 Tha misneach is bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul da.
 Oir 's Athair do chlaun
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do'n bhantraich fein e;
 'S e'n Cruithear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoillean sinn anns a' chreutair.

The babe at its birth,
 Ere sorrow or mirth
 It knows upon earth, thou takest;
 For the maid to be wed,
 Ere to church she is led,
 An eersome bed thou makest.
 If old or if young,
 If feeble or strong
 In wisdom or wrong and error;
 If small or if great,
 Whatever our state,
 We have the same fate of terror.

O Power, from whom
 Our sorrowful doom
 Of death and the tomb descendeth,
 How happy is he
 Whose confident plea
 On Thy promises free dependeth!
 Our Father Thou art,
 The widow's sure part,
 Ne'er shall Thy support forsake her;
 All good is bestowed,
 All favour is shewed
 By our bountiful God and Maker.

Words selected from an elegy by ROB DONN; translated by L. MACBEAN. The air is also by ROB DONN, and was published in *Popular Gaelic Melodies*, 1877.

8—AIDEACHADH—CONFESSION.



KEY. f. m | l : l | d' : - . t | l : l | s : - . s | f : s | l : t | d' : t | l : - . }
 Eb. O! Thighearn' is a Dhia na glòir, An t-Ard-Rìgh mór os ceann gach sluagh,
 O God of glo - ry, great a - dored, Abc' all nations mighty King!



f. l | d' : r' | m' : - . r' | d' : t | l : f. m | f : s | l : f. r | d : t, | l : - . ||
 Cia dàna nì air t-ainm ro mhòr Le bìlìbh neò-ghlan bhi 'g a luaidh!
 How dare my lips, un - ho - ly, sing Thy high and ho - ly name, O Lord?

Am beachd do shùilean fìorghlan féin,
 Cha 'n 'eil na reulta 's airde glan;
 'S cha 'n 'eil na h-aingle 's naomha 'n glòir,
 'An làthair do Mhòrachd sa gun smal.

Ach O an dean thu t-isleach' féin,
 A dh'èisdeachd cnuimhe anns an ùir!
 Fo stòl do chois a' gabhail tùmh,
 'S nach faic ach sgàile beag do d' ghnuis.

Na lasadh t-fhearg O Dhia nan dùl,
 Am feadh a dheanam òrnaigh riut:
 'S mo pheacadh aidicheam le nàir,
 'S an truailleachd ghràineil anns 'n a thuit.

Mo chiont tha mar na sléibhte mòr;
 Is leòn iad mi le iomadh lot:
 Ta m'anam bochd le 'n cudthrom brùit,
 'S o m' shùilbhi fàsg' nan dèna goirt.

Gach uile mhallachd a ta sgrìobht,
 A t-fhacal fìor le bagradh teann,
 O Thighearn thoill mi aig do làimh,
 Gu'm biodh iad càrnaicht' air mo cheann.

Ged dh' fhàs na nèamhan dubh le gruaim,
 'S mo bhual' le tairneanaich do neirt
 Ged thilg thu mi gu ifrinn shìos,
 Gu shorruidh aidicheam do cheart.

Gidheadh am feud an lasair threun
 A sgoilteas as a chéil an tuil;
 Drùghadh orm troimh ùmhlachd Chrìosd,
 'S mi gabhail dìon a steach fo 'fhuil?

Dean m' ionnlaid glan, O Dhia na sith,
 'S an tobair ioc-shlaint bhrùchd a thaobh,
 A bheir dhomh beatha as a' bhàs
 'S o m' thruaillidheachd a nì mi saor.

Seen by those purest eyes of Thine
 How dim the stars of brightest sheen!
 The holiest angels are unclean
 Before Thy majesty divine.

But, oh! wilt Thou Thyself abase
 To hear an earthly worm like me,
 Beneath Thy footstool, who can see
 But dim reflections of Thy face?

Lord, when I make my prayer to Thee,
 When I my sins with sorrow tell,
 And vileness into which I fell,
 Let not Thy wrath enkindled be!

My guilt like mountains high appears,
 That crush my soul beneath their weight,
 It has me pierced with sorrows great,
 And from mine eyes brought bitter tears.

The threatenings and the curses dread
 Found written in Thy Word, O Lord,
 My sins deserve they should be poured
 In all their terrors on my head.

Although the skies grew black with gloom,
 And all Thy thunders on me fell,
 And Thou shouldst cast me down to hell,
 I would admit the righteous doom.

But can that flame that licks each flood
 Have any power over me,
 If Christ's obedience be my plea,
 And I am sheltered by His blood?

Oh, wash me wholly, God of peace,
 In healing waters from His side;
 Life from His death shall these provide,
 And me from filthiness release!

Words from DUGALD BUCHANAN'S "Prayer;" translated by L. MACDEAN. The tune has not been published before.

9—ORAN DO'N T-SAOGHAL—THE WORLD.



KEY. S₁ | d . d : l₁ . S₁ | d : S₁ . S₁ | d : r . m | d : - . r | m . m : d . m)
 B₂ { Is | fhad a rinn thu, shaoghail, Mo | shlaodadh mm'n | euaire, Mo | chumail o'n Fhear-)
 O world ! thou long didst chain me, Fast bound to thy wheel, From Jesus to re-



{ s : m . r | d : m . f | s : - . s | f . f : l . f | s : m . d)
 { shaoraidh 'S a | ghaol fho'ach | nam; Nam | faighinn-sa de'n | ghaol sin Na)
 strain me, His love to conceal; If freed from thy de - stroy - ing Re-



{ s : m . d | r : - . r | d . d : l₁ . S₁ | S₁ : l₁ . d | m : f . r | d : - . ||
 { shaoradh mi | uat, Bhiodh m' inntinn tighinn | beo Air a' | ghloir sin tha shuas. ||
 strains by that love, My heart would be en - joy - ing The peace from above.

Bhiodh m' inntinn 's mo mbiann
 Air an Dia sin tha beo,
 An oighreachd a tha siorruidh,
 'S a ghrian tha gun neoil,
 An tobair o'n tig slàint'
 Agus gairdeachas mor,
 'S a ghaidean nach failinn
 'S e Ard-Rìgh na gloir.

Nam faighinn tuille fabhoir
 Is gràs bheireadh buaidh,
 Bhiodh m' inntinn a' tamh
 Anns an aros tha shuas,
 Ged bhithinn anns an fheoil
 Bhiodh mo dhochas gu buan
 Rì aon latha mor
 Anns nach comblaich mi truaigh.

Nam faighinn tuille naomhachd
 Is saorsa o'n Uan,
 'S tuille de 'n a gbaol sin
 A shaor mi o thruaigh
 Thaiginn mo chuid òir
 'S an tigh stoir sin tha shuas
 Far nach goid na meirlich
 'S nach cnamh e le ruaidh.

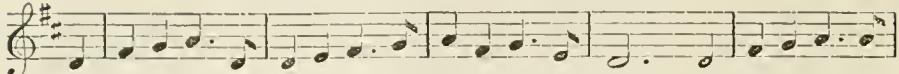
My mind would be ascending
 To heaven's Highest One,
 The Kingdom never-ending,
 The bright cloudless Sun;
 Salvation's founts unfailing,
 Whence joys ever spring,
 The right arm all-prevailing,
 The great glorious King.

If love to me were given,
 And overcoming grace,
 My thoughts should be in heaven,
 In God's holy place;
 And though in flesh remaining,
 My hopes still should be,
 For that day ever straining,
 That brings bliss to me.

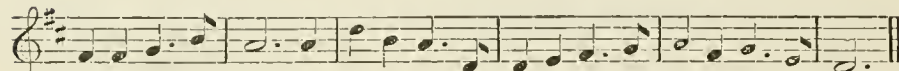
If I were made more holy,
 And more free by Christ,
 More pure and true and lowly,
 By His love unpriced,
 My hopes in Him should centre,
 My wealth should be stored
 Where thief nor rust can enter—
 The stores of the Lord.

From P. GRANT'S hymn; translation by L. MACBEAN. The air belongs to this hymn, and was noted down for the present collection.

10—CUIREADH CHRISD—CHRIST'S INVITATION.

KEY: D. 
 D. (Tha daoine taghta ann le Dia, D'an d'thug e riamh a ghradh, Ged tha iad ciontach,)
 God has His chosen ones for whom His love flows full and free, Though they deserve a


 { d' : m | f : -f | m : m : f : -r | s : - | - : s | s : f | m : -s | l : s | d' : -f }
 caillte, truagh, 'S coitruaillidh ole ri cach, Tha tagha Dhia 'n a naigneas mor, Nach
 sinner's doom, And poor and wretched be. God's choice is still a hidden thing, To


 { m : m | f : -l | s : - | - : s | d' : l | s : -d | d : r | m : -f | s : m | f : -r | d : -l }
 eol do dhuil fo'n ghrein; Cha riaghailt dleasnais e do neach, Ach reachd is soisgeul Dé.
 sons of men unknown; The Law and Gospel of our King Must be our rule alone.

Tha cuireadh Chrisd 'n a fhacal fein,
 'S o bheul a theachdair, caomh,
 'Nuair ghabhar e 'n a aobhar-earbs'
 D'ar n-anmaibh falamh faoin;
 Co daingean is co dearbht' le cheil'
 'S ged leughamaid 's an uair
 Ar n-ainmeana gu leir fa leth
 An Leabhar Beath' an Uain.

Theid neamh is talamh thart gun cheisd,
 Ach seasaidh facal Chrisd;
 A pheacaich, eisd r'a chuireadh reidh
 'S gabh e le creideamh fìor—
 "O thigibh h-ugam-sa gach aon
 'T a saothrachadh 's fo chlaoidh,
 A ta fo eallach throm 's fo chuail
 Is bheir mi snaimhneas duibh.

"Mo chuing-sa ceanglaibh ribh gu teann,
 Is ionnsaichibh mo dhoigh;
 Oir ta mi macant' agus min
 An cridh' 's an cleachdadh fòs;
 Is eirnisidh b'ur n-anama truagh
 Air snaimhneas is air sgeimh;
 Oir ta mo chuing-sa socrach caomh
 Is m'eallach aotrom seamh."

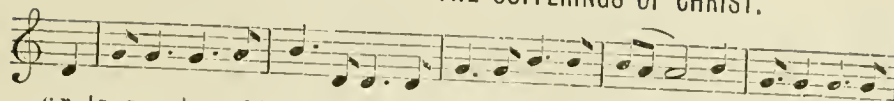
Christ's invitation, full and free,
 By Book and voice conveyed,
 When once accepted as our plea,
 On which our hopes are laid,
 In spite of sin and inward strife,
 We may as firmly claim,
 As if within the Book of Life
 We each could read our name.

Though heaven and earth shall disappear,
 Christ's word abideth sure;
 His loving call, O sinner, hear,
 And blessedness secure—
 "Come unto Me, ye weary ones,
 Who labour sore oppressed;
 Come, all men's heavy-laden sons,
 And I will give you rest;

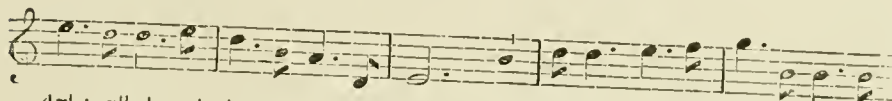
"Take up My yoke, and learn of Me
 The lessons I impart;
 My meek and gentle spirit see,
 And lowliness of heart;
 So shall your souls for ever live,
 At rest from toil and care;
 For easy is the yoke I give,
 My burden light to bear."

From a hymn by Dr. M'GREGOR. Translation by L. M. The air appeared in the *Gael*, to JOHN MORRISON'S hymn, "Maise Chrisd."

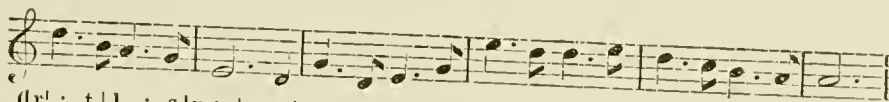
11—FULANGAS CHRIOSD—THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.



KEY: r | S .S :- | S :-l | t :-r | r :-r | S :-S | t :-t | t.l :- | - : t | S.S :- | S :-S |
 C. 'S e fulang - as mo Shlanuigheir A bhith's mo dhan a luaidh, Mor-irios - Iachd an
 The sufferings of my Sav - iour I cel - ebrate and sing, The birth and nick be-



| m' :-r' | r' :-m' | r' :-t | l :-r | m' :- | - : t | r'.r' :- | m' :-f' | s' :-t | t :-t |
 Ard-Rìgh sin 'N a bhreith 's 'n a bhàs re chruaidh. 'S e'n t-èngantas bu mhierebhuilich, Chaidh
 haviour, And dying of the King. Oh, wender most in - scru - ta - ble That



| r' :-t | l :-S | m :- | - : r | S :-r | m :-S | m' :-r' | r' :-m' | r' :-d' | t :-l | l :- | - ||
 innse riamh do'n t-sluagh, An Dia bha ann o shiornuidheachd Bhi fas 'n a Chiochran, truagh!
 human tongue can name, Th' E - ter - nal and Im-mu - ta - ble A suckling Child became!

'Nuair ghabht' am broinn na h-òighe e;
 Le còmhraidh Spioraid Dé,
 A chum an Nàdur Daonna sin,
 A dheanadh aon ris féin;
 Ghabh e sgàil mu Dhiadhaidheachd
 'S de'n BHRIATHAR rinneadh feòil,
 Is dh' fhoillsich an rùn diomhair sin,
 Am pearsa Chrìosd le glòir.

Rugadh 'an stàbull diblidh e,
 Mar dhilleachdan gun treòir;
 Gun neach a dheanadh càirdeas ris,
 No bheireadh fardoch dhò,
 Gun mhuinntir bhi 'g a fhuithéaladh,
 No uidheam mar bu chòir;
 Ach eich is daimh'g a chuartaichadh
 D' an dual gach uile ghlòir.

Bha tuill aig na sìonnachaibh
 Gu'm falachadh o theinn;
 Bha nid aig na h-eunlaithe
 An gèugaibh àrd nan crann;
 Ach e-san a rinn uile iad,
 'S gach nì 's a' chruinne ché,
 Bha e féin 'n a fhògarach,
 Gun chòmhnaidh aig fo'n ghréin.

Conceived in pure virginity
 By God the Spirit's might,
 He deigned with His divinity
 Our manhood to unite;
 He took on corporeity
 And flesh the Word was made,
 The mystery of Deity
 In Jesus was displayed.

His birth was one of lowliness
 Within a stable bare,
 Which He, the Lord of holiness,
 With cattle had to share.
 No retinue attended Him
 In robes of brilliant hue,
 No tender hand befriended Him
 To whom all love is due.

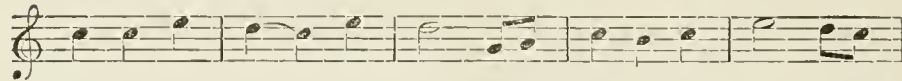
The foxes had their hiding-place
 Where they could safely rest,
 The birds their own abiding-place
 In tall tree-tops possessed;
 But He, whose liberality,
 Gave them and all things birth,
 Was needing hospitality—
 A fugitive on earth.

Hymn by DUGALD BUCHANAN. The air is that sung in Rannoch, where the hymn was composed. It was contributed to this collection by a native of that district.

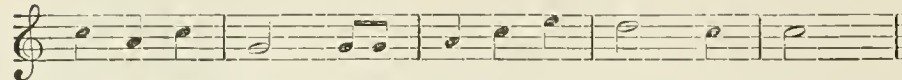
12-ORAN MU LEANABH OG—A CHILD IN HEAVEN.



KEY: (S . S | l : s : l | d' : - : s . s | l : l : d' | s : - : s . l)
C. (Bha mi'm chadal gu blath Ann am fagadh mo mhath'r, I'g am)
I lay warm at rest On my mother's dear breast, And her



{ d' : d' : m' | r' : d' : m' | r' : - : s . l | d' : t : d' | r' : - : r' . d' }
phasgadh 's a lann fo mo cheann, Thainig teachdair a bhàis, Thuirte gu'n
arm held me pressed to her side, When Death's herald came nigh To



{ d' : l : d' | s : - : s . s | l : d' : m' | r' : - : d' | d' : - : }
sinbhlainn gu'n dàil, 'S nach robh fuireach no tinnh domh ann.
call me on high, And no longer could I a - bide.

Dhuisc mo mhathair le gaoir,
'S thuirte i "M'ailleagan gaoil,
Ciod dh'fhairich thu? Cha'n fhaod thu falbh!"
Rinn i greim orm cho teann,
Cha bhitheadh dealachdainn ann,
'S mo chridhe cho fann 's mi balbh.

'Nuair dhuin iad mo shuil
Thainig ainglean na cùirt,
'S thug iad mis' leo cho dluth 's cho luath;
Chaidh sinn troimh na gliun dorch'
Far nach bu leir dhuibh bhuir lorg,
Ach thainig sonas nis orm bhitheas buan.

Nam faiceadh m'athair 's mo mhath'r
Meud mo shonas 's an ait' s'
Bhiodh iad toilicht gun d'fhag mi'n saogh'l;
'S bhiodh gach latha mar bhliadhn'
Gus am faigheadh iad triall,
Gu co-chomunn ta siorruidh buan.

Tha cuid so as gach ait'
Air an tional le gras,
As gach treubh agus pairt de'n t-sluagh,
Ach 's ann aca tha'n gaoil
Nach robh 'n leithid measg dhaoin'
'Nuair a bha iad 's an t-saoghal through.

'S ann 's an ait' so tha'n ceòl
Nach teid mhasgadh le bròn;
Tha e fantuinn 'n a oran nuadh,
Cliu is onoir is glòir
Do'n ti bha marbh is tha beo,
'S shaor sinne o'n doruinn bhuan.

She awoke with a start,
Crying, "Love of my heart!"
What ails thee? Thou art not dead!"
And she fondled me so,
She would not let me go
Till my life, ebbing low, had fled.

When they closed my young eyes,
Angels came from the skies,
And they made me to rise above;
Oh, swift was our flight
Through the valleys of night,
And I now dwell in light and love.

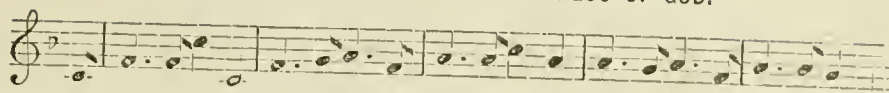
Could my parents conceive
What joys I receive,
They never would grieve for me;
They would long to appear
With the holy ones here,
Where such fellowship dear can be;

Saints from many a place
Assembled by grace,
From each nation and race below;
And such love in them swells
As on earth never dwells,
And pure gladness dispels their woe.

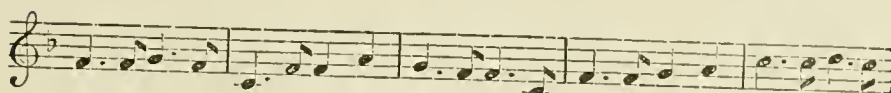
Free from discords of pain,
We hear the sweet strain,
Which shall ever remain a new song;
A new song which we raise
To our Saviour always,
To whom honour and praise belong.

Hymn by P. GRANT; translated by L. MACBEAN. Melody written down from a native of Strathspcy.

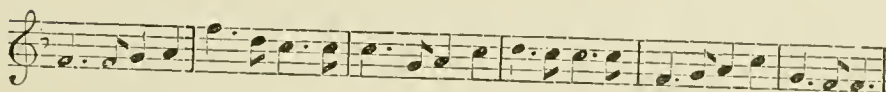
13—MORACHD DHÈ—THE GREATNESS OF GOD.



KEY. { S₁ | d :-d | s : s₁ | d :-r | m :-d | m :-m | s : m | m :-r | m :-d | m :-m | r : s₁ }
 F. { Co | chuartaicheas do | bhith a Dhè! An | dèimhne' shluiggach | reusan suas; 'N au' oidhirpibh tha }
 Who can Thy being, Lord, contain? That deep where reason's efforts sink; Angels and men are



{ d :-d | r :-d | s₁ :-d | d : m | r :-d | d :-s₁ | d :-d | r : m | s :-s | l :-s }
 aingle 's daoin' Mar | shligean maoraich | glacadh chuain. O | bhith-bhuantachd tha thus'a'd Rìgh'Snì
 shells that fain Would all the mighty ocean drink. Thou hast been King, O God, for aye; Thy



{ d :-d | r : m | d' :-l | s :-s | s :-r | m : s | l :-s | s :-s | d :-r | m : s | r :-d | d :- }
 bheil 'san t-saogh's ach nì o'n dà; O's beag an eachdraidh | chualas dìot, 'S cha | mbòr do d'ghnòmh a ta fo'n ghréin.
 history has been lit - tle told; This world is but of yesterday; Few of Thy deeds can we behold.

Ge d' thionndadh 'ghrian gu neo-nì rìst,
 'S gach nì fa chuairt a soluis mhòir;
 'S co beag bhiodh t' oibre 'g ionndrainn uath,
 'S bhiodh'n cuan ag ionndrainn sìleadh 'mheòir.
 An cruthach' cha dean le nìle ghlòir,
 Lan-fhoillseachadh air Dia nam feart;
 Cha 'n 'eil 's na h-oibre ud gu léir,
 Ach taisbean earlais air a neart.

Le'r tuigse thana 's diomhain duinn
 Bhi sgrùdadh 'chuain a ta gun chrìoch;
 An litir 's lugha dh' ainm ar Dé,
 Is tuille 's luchd da 'r reusan l.
 Oir nì bheil dadum coltach riut,
 Am measg t'uil' oibre fein gu leir,
 'S am measg nan daoine nì bheil cainnt
 A dh' innseas t' ainm ach t' fhacal fein.

The sun and all things that exist
 Within its circling light, would be
 From Thy vast works as little missed
 As tiny drop from brimming sea.
 Creation, glorious though it be,
 Brings not the power of God to light,
 For all His works that we can see
 Give but an earnest of His might.

Our shallow minds in vain explore
 This fathomless and shoreless main;
 One letter of God's name is more
 Than human reason can sustain.
 Nought is there like Thyself among
 The works which Thou of old didst frame;
 Nor is there speech on human tongue,
 But Thine own Word, can tell Thy name.

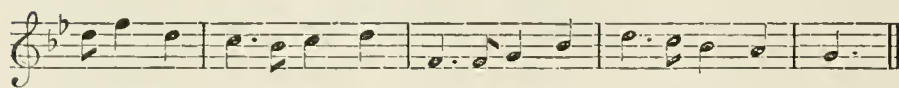
Verses by BUCHANAN; translated by L. M. The air is said to be an old "Oran Sith," or fairy melody.

14—EARBS' A CHRISDUIDH—CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

Slow and with feeling.



KEY. $\{ \cdot l_1 | l_1 : l_1 | d : - . d | s_1 : m_1 | s_1 : - . l_1 | d : t_1 | l_1 : - . t_1 | d : r | m : - . \}$
 B^D. $\{ Dha, dean mo | phlannach ann an | Criosd, 'S mo chrionach | bristidh mach le | blath, \}$
 Lord, if Thou plantest me in Christ, In bloom shall burst my withered tree,



$\{ \cdot m | s : m | r : - . d | r : m | s_1 : - . s_1 | l_1 : d | m : - . r | d : t_1 | l_1 : - . \}$
 'Is bi'dh gach subhaile 's naomba gleus Mar mheas a lùb mo gheug gu làr!
 Weighed down to earth its boughs shall be, With graces as with fruits unpriced!

Mo smuaintean talmhaidh tog gu nèamh,
 Is thoir dhomh earlas air do ghràdh,
 A dh' fhògras m' eagal uile uam,
 'S a shaoras mi o uamhunn bàis.

'N sin atadh tonnan borb a' chuain,
 Is beucadh torann chruaidh nan speur;
 Thigeadh crith-thalmhuinn, gort, is plàigh,
 Bhios 'roinn a' bhàis gach taobh a théid.

Bi thus' a'd Dhia do m'anam féin,
 'S bi'dh iad gu léir dhomh 'n càirdeas gràidh;
 Cha loisg an tein' gun òrdugh uat,
 Cha sluig an cuan, 's cha sgrios a phlàigh.

Am feadh bhios cumbachd ann ad làimh,
 Bi'dh mise sàbhailt' o gach olc:
 'S cha 'n eagal leam gu 'm bi mi 'n dìth
 Gu sìorruidh no gu 'm fàs thu bochd.

Mo dhèrachd, m' eagal, 's m' uile mhiann
 A'm Dhia tha còmhlaichadh gu léir;
 Oir nèamh, is talamh, 's ifrinn shìos,
 A ta iad do mo Rìgh-s' a' géill'.

Oh, grant an earnest of Thy love,
 Which shall me from life's terrors save,
 And all the horrors of the grave,
 And raise my thoughts to heaven above.

Then let the billows rise in pride,
 Let thunders through the heavens roar,
 Come earthquakes, plagues, and famines sore,
 Dispensing death on every side;

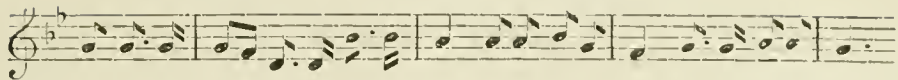
Be Thou the God of my poor soul,
 Their friendship I shall then enjoy;
 No sea can drown, nor plague destroy,
 Nor fire burn, but with Thy control.

While Thou hast power in Thine arm,
 From every ill I am secure,
 And as my God can ne'er be poor,
 Want cannot cause my soul alarm.

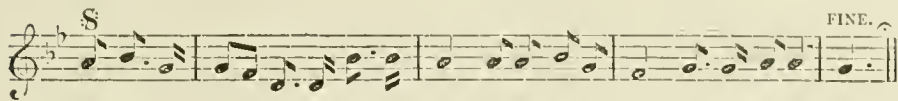
My hope, desire, and fear for aye
 Shall in my God concentred dwell,
 For heaven and earth and lowest hell
 Shall my Almighty King obey.

Words from BUCHANAN'S "Prayer." The tune is a common Gaelic air adapted. A version of it appears in the *Celtic Lyre*.

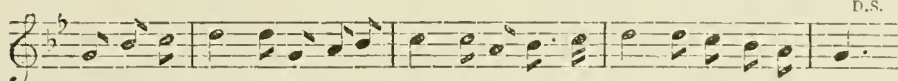
15—GRADH M' FHEAR-SAORAIDH—MY SAVIOUR'S LOVE.



KEY (f. l₁ : l₁ , l₁ | l₁ . s₁ : m₁ , m₁ : d₁ , d₁ | t₁ : t₁ . t₁ : d₁ . l₁ | s₁ : l₁ , l₁ : t₁ . t₁ | l₁ : - .)
 B⁷. (S' e gradh m' Fheir saor - aith a bhlos 'n a cheol dhomh, 'S ann air bu choir dhomh bhi deanamh 'geul;)
 My Saviour's love shall be still my sto - ry, It is my mu - sic while here below;



(f. t₁ : d₁ , l₁ | l₁ . s₁ : m₁ , m₁ : d₁ , d₁ | t₁ : t₁ . t₁ : d₁ . l₁ | s₁ : l₁ , l₁ : t₁ . t₁ | l₁ : - .)
 'O'n 's e thug coir dhomh le fhui a dhertadh Air saorsa ghloir mhor a chloinne fein.
 'S nuair theid mi dhachaidh a gleann nan deoir so 'S e sud mo cheol anns an t-saoghal chein.
 He bought me freedom and life and glo - ry, And by His death saved my soul from wee.
 And when I have from this vale de - part - ed, 'Twill be my so - lace for aye above.



(f. l₁ : d₁ . r | m : m . l₁ : t₁ . d₁ | r : r . t₁ : d₁ , r | m : m . r : d₁ . t₁ | l₁ : - .)
 'S e sud an t-òran a bheir dhomh solas Che fad's is beo mi 's a chruinne-ché;
 What can console me when heavy - hearted, But this sweet song of His gracious love?

Tha mi an dochas a dhol 'n a chodhail
 Anns na neoil 'nuair a thig e fein,
 'S ni'n sealladh mòr sin de aghaidh ghloirmhor
 Na h-uile bròn a chur uam is deun.
 Tha doimhne's aird' ann an gradh an t-Slanuigh'r
 Nach gabh aireamh no cur an ceill;
 Ach chi sinn moran 'n a bhreith 's 'n a bhas deth,
 Is chi sinn pàirt deth 's 'n a h-uile ceum.

Bu Duine bronach air iomadh doigh e,
 O 'n uair a thoisich a thurus sgith;
 Air son a ghraidh thug iad fuath gu leoir dha,
 'S bha iad 'g a fhogradh o thir gu tìr.
 Le meud a ghairdeachas ann ar slainte
 Chuir e an naire ann an neo-bhrìgh;
 'S le meud a ghraidh dhuinn ghabh e ar nadur
 A chum ar tearnadh o'n t-slochd is isle.

Anns a cheart nadur's 'n a pheacaich Adhamh,
 'N uair thug e'm bas air a shliochd gu leir,
 'S ann rinn an Slanuighear gach ni an aird
 'S an lagh rinn ardach le umhlachd fein, [dheth,
 'S a chum ar tearnadh o chumhlachd bais
 Leig e bheatha mhàn, deanamh 'n aird na reit';
 Is chum a bhraithrean a thoirt gu Pàrras
 Dh' fhuiling e 'm bas air a chranna-cheus.

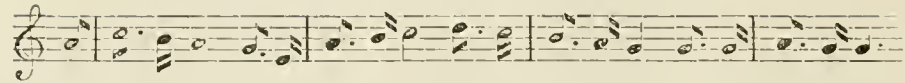
My sweetest hope is at last to meet Him
 When in the clouds His blest form appears;
 That sight most glorious, when I shall greet Him,
 Shall wholly banish my griefs and tears.
 The love of Jesus, that boundless treasure,
 Has depths and heights that can ne'er be known;
 Its strong endurance we ne'er can measure,
 Though in His sufferings so much was shown;

A Man of sorrows, with none to aid Him,
 The scoff and scorn of an evil race,
 Who for His love with fierce hate repaid Him
 As they pursued Him from place to place;
 But such His joy in our soul's salvation,
 That He despised all the pain and shame,
 And to redeem us from condemnation,
 He in the nature of sinners came.

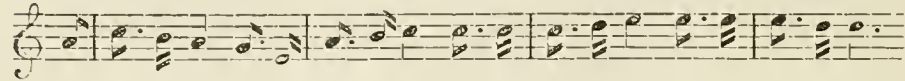
In that same nature that we inherit
 From our first father, all stained with sin,
 Did Jesus' sufferings, His life and merit,
 A great salvation for sinners win.
 To reconcile us His flesh was riven
 From death to save us He came and died
 And to bring brethren from earth to heaven
 He bore our sins and was crucified.

Hymn by P. GRANT; translation by L. MACBEAN. The air was obtained for this collection from a Gaelic singer.

16—GEARAN NAN GAIDHEAL—THE CRY OF THE GAEL.



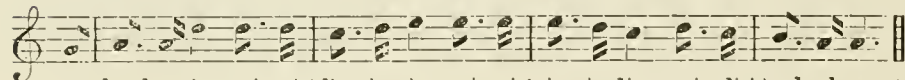
KEY. f. l | d' ., t : l : s ., m | l ., t : d' : r' ., d' | t ., l : s : s ., s | l ., s : s : - . }
 C. { 'S an t-seann seanachas bha | Gaidheil ainmeil, Measg dhaoine b'ainmig an leithid ann, }
 In ancient stories the Gael were glorious, And oft vic-tor-ious in fields of fight;



{ . l | d' ., t : l : s ., m | l ., t : d' : d' ., d' | d' ., r' : m' : m' ., m' | m' ., r' : r' : - . }
 { Le gaisg is cruadal, is creach air uairibh, 'S bha'm fuil co uaibhreach toirt buaidh dhaibh ann }
 Their strength was proudest, their war-shout loudest, And war and plunder was their delight;



{ . d' | d' ., r' : m' : m' ., m' | m' ., r' : r' : d' ., r' | m' ., r' : d' : l ., l | l ., m : s : - . }
 { Gun tuigs' gun chiall ac' mu thimebioll siorr' achd 'S cha chual iad diadhachd bhi idir ann, }
 But in their rudeness they know not goodness, No godly fear in their hearts was found,



{ . s | l ., l : r' : r' ., r' | d' ., r' : m' : m' ., m' | m' ., r' : d' : r' ., d' | t ., l : l : - . }
 { Ach baist' is posadh is suidh aig orduigh'n, B'e sud an dochas a bha 'n an ceann. }
 Though they were christened, and sat and listened At high communions when they came round.

Bhitheadh eagal mor orra ro' na bocain,
 'S iad faicinn moran diubb nach bitheadh ann,
 Bhitheadh gisreag's orraichean is seachnadh
 chomblaichean

Is moran seolaidhean faoin'n an ceann.
 An sluagh gun churam rachadh's na cuiltean,
 Mar theid na bruidean a ghabhail tamh,
 Gun leughadh, gun urnuigh, gun seinn air clin dha,
 'S b'e sud an d'uchas bha measg nan Gaidheal!

A Rìgh nan Sluagh! 's e's fearr 's an uair so,
 Bhi sealltuinn suas riut a'd ionad tamh;
 'S mar eisd an sluagh ruinn, a Rìgh, gabh truas
 'S ar gearan truagh thigeadh ann do lath'r; [dhinn,
 O'n tha thu beo, is gur toigh leat trocair,
 Thoir duinne eolas, 's ann air do ghràs,
 Ach cia mar labhradh sinn air an doigh sin?
 'S ann air do mhòrachd a rinn sinn tair.

Ach c'ait' an teid sinn, no co ni feum dhuinn?
 Cha'n eil fo'n ghrein na ni dhuinn sta,
 Ach Uan Dé o'n 's e phaigh an eiric
 Le meud an eifeachd a bha'n a bhas.
 Ma gheibh sinn sgeul air's gun dean sinn feum
 'S gun dean thu eisdeachd ruinn air a sgath, [dheth,
 Bidh sinn fo dhion's theid sinn as o phiantaibh,
 A seinn gu siorruidh air cliu do ghrais.

With minds in error, they thought with terror
 Of shapes unearthly and dark alarms,
 But sought salvation in incantation
 In spells unholy and mystic charms.
 A people careless, profane and prayerless,
 Were like the beasts in the dewy dale;
 No Bible reading, no praise or pleading—
 Such was the custom among the Gael.

O King of Nations! our supplications
 Are now directed unto Thy throne;
 Lord, in Thy kindness, remove our blindness,
 For all our hope is in Thee alone!
 Thou only livest, Thou pardon givest,
 Oh, do Thou show us Thy gracious face;
 Forgive us wholly the sin and folly
 That dared despise all Thy love and grace.

For God who made us alone can aid us,
 We have no helper but Thee alone;
 'Tis only Jesus that can release us
 Through the redemption that He has won.
 If we believe Him and so receive Him,
 And Thou shalt hear us through His dear name,
 Thy wings shall hide us whate'er betide us,
 And we shall ever Thy praise proclaim.

From the hymn by P. GRANT; translated by L. M. The tune to which it is sung has been noted down for this collection.

17—ASLACHADH AIR SON BEANNACHD—SUPPLICATION FOR BLESSING.



Dhia bheo! Rìgh na glòir! Thoir cluas. Beannaich clann nan daoine.
O Lord! Most adored! Ac - cord blessing to mankind,

KEY
A. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 : - : - : d : - : - : l_1 : - : s_1 : l_1 : t_1 : d : - : - : l_1 : s_1 : s_1 : - : - : m : - : - : s : r : - : d : r : m : d : - : - : \\ s_1 : - : - : s_1 : - : - : f_1 : - : - : f_1 : m_1 : - : - : f_1 : s_1 : - : - : s_1 : - : d : t_1 : - : l_1 : t_1 : d : - : - : \\ m : - : - : d : - : - : d : - : - : d : d : - : - : t_1 : d : - : - : d : s : - : - : s : m : - : - : \\ d : - : - : m_1 : - : - : f_1 : - : - : f_1 : d_1 : - : - : f_1 : m_1 : - : - : r_1 : d_1 : - : - : m_1 : s_1 : - : - : s_1 : d_1 : - : - : \end{array} \right\}$



Suidhich sìth; fo - gair strìth is fuath; Lion gach cearn le gaol.
Pub - lish peace, make strife cease, Increase Love men's hearts to bind.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : - : f : m : - : r : d : - : r : m : f : e : \hat{s} : - : - : l_1 : s_1 : s_1 : - : - : m : - : - : s : r : - : d : r : m : d : - : - : \\ d : - : r : d : - : - : s_1 : s_1 : - : d : t_1 : - : - : f_1 : m_1 : - : - : l_1 : - : - : s_1 : f_1 : - : m_1 : f_1 : s_1 : m_1 : - : - : \\ m : - : - : t_1 : d : - : - : r : m : - : - : d : r : - : - : d : d : - : - : d : - : - : d : t_1 : - : - : t_1 : d : - : - : \\ d : - : - : s_1 : l_1 : - : - : t_1 : d : - : - : l_1 : s_1 : - : - : d_1 : d : - : - : t_1 : l_1 : - : - : m_1 : s_1 : - : - : s_1 : d_1 : - : - : \end{array} \right\}$

Dhia mhoir! Rìgh nan sògh!
Thoir cluas.
Beannaich clann nan Gàidh'l.
Islich naill, 's daoine truagh
T'og suas,
Buin-sa rin le bàigh.

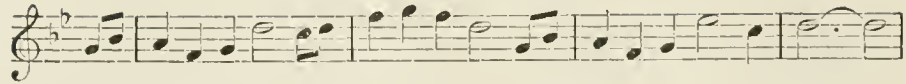
Dhia naoimh! Athair chaoimh!
Thoir cluas.
Beannaich sinn tha'n làth'r.
Bi ruinn dlùth anns gach cùis
Is uair;
Riaraich oirnn do ghras.

Great King! Hear us sing!
Oh, bring
Blessing to the Gael.
Humble pride; help provide;
Them guide;
Make the right prevail.

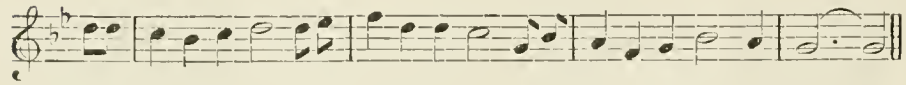
Most High! Hear our cry!
Be nigh
All before Thy face.
Oh, do Thou bless us now;
Endow
Us with strength and grace.

Hymn by M. MACFARLANE, Paisley. Translation by L. M. The tune is an ancient melody known as "Uaigh a Ehaird"—The Tomb of the Bard. Harmony by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

18—COIGRICH—STRANGERS.



KEY { $\text{f} : \text{1}, \text{d} \mid \text{t}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{l}_1 \mid \text{m} : - : \text{r}, \text{m} \mid \text{s} : \text{l} : \text{s} \mid \text{m} : - : \text{1}, \text{d} \mid \text{t}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{l}_1 \mid \text{f} : - : \text{r} \mid \text{m} : - : - \mid - : - \}$
 B. { O is mithich dhuinn ghlas'd, agus siubhal gu luath, Cha bhi'n laithean ro bhuan fo'n ghrein;
 Let us ever press on, for our life is soon gone, Oh, swiftly our moments fly;



{ $\text{f} : \text{m} : \text{m} \mid \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{r} \mid \text{m} : - : \text{m}, \text{f} \mid \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{m} \mid \text{r} : - : \text{1}, \text{d} \mid \text{t}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{l}_1 \mid \text{d} : - : \text{t}_1 \mid \text{l}_1 : - : - \mid - : - \}$
 'S coigrich sinn is luchd cuairt, 'g iarraidh'n duthaich tha shuas, Tha ar dachaidh's ar duais air neamh.
 Though as strangers we roam, we are seeking a home In our Father's dear land on high.

'S fasach ulartaich, thruagh, anns am bheil sinn
 air chuairt,

Cha'n'eil fois dhuinn no suaimhneas ann,
 Ach tha'r suilean riut fein, tha air neamhaibh
 nan speur,
 Thoir oirnn gu'n ruith sinn an reis gu ceann.

'S ann tha sinn 's an uair s' mar long air a chuan,
 Measg nan tonn a ta uailhbreach àrd,
 Ach 's treise'n Ti sinn tha shuas na tuitlean
 dhroch sluaigh,
 'S tu chaisgeas am fuaim nuair is àill.

'S tu bheir ardan an gnùis gu tamh ghabhail's an
 uir,
 'S theid an aillteachd air chùl gu leir;
 Ach do phobull bochd bràit, bith' tu fein air au
 cùl,
 'S le do ghràs ni thu 'n stiùireadh 's gach ceum.

O stidh sin le d' ghràs gus an ruig sinn an t-ait'
 Anns am bi sinn gu sabhailt beo,
 Far nach bi sinn 'g ar luasgadh dol thuige is uaith
 Mar long air na cuantaibh mòr.

Through a wild world of woe all weary we
 go,

No joy have we here or peace,
 But we trust in Thy love, who rulest above,
 For strength till our toils shall cease.

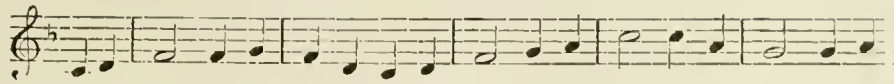
Sore troubled are we, like a ship on the sea,
 Amid billows that surge and swell;
 Yet the Lord is more strong than the fierce flood
 of wrong,
 And His voice shall their anger quell.

Their clamour and pride Thy pow'r shall deride,
 And men's haughty thoughts abase;
 And Thy poor broken folk, secure from their
 stroke,
 Thou shalt strengthen and guide by grace.

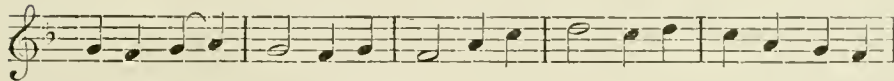
Oh, guide us by grace to that happy place
 Where we shall in safety be,
 No longer distressed and tossed without rest,
 Like a ship on the raging sea.

From the hymn by REV. P. GRANT. English by L. M. The melody is given as sung in Strathpey.

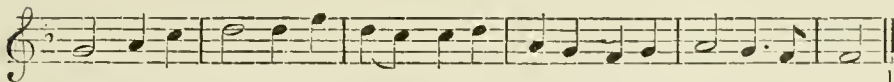
19—ORAN GAOIL—A SONG OF LOVE.



KEY F. { s : l | d : - | d : r | d : l | s : l | d : - | r : m | s : - | s : m | r : - | r : m }
 Togaibh | naoimhibh, luath-ghaire, deanaibh | gair - deachas | ur! O'n a | fhuair sibh bh'inn!
 O ye saints, shout with gladness, and with joy - fulness sing! Can there e - ver be



{ r : d | r : m | r : - | d : r | d : - | m : s | l : - | s : l | s : m | r : d }
 fabhor ri | Ard - Rìgh nan | dul; O'n a shaer e o'n | bhàs sibh 's o an
 sadness for the friends of the King? Free from all condem - na - tion ye are



{ r : - | m : s | l : - | l : d | l : s | s : l | m : r | d : r | m : - | r : - d | d : - }
 trailleachd bu | mho, 'Sgund'riune | sgiamhach le | shlaht sibh, thugaibh | dhasan an | cliu.
 made by His grace, Ye are clothed with salva - tion, Then re - e - cho His praise.

O a Shlanuigheir ghràs-mhoir!
 'S tu is fearr dhomh tha beo;
 'S nuair a chuimhnich's mi t' fhabhor
 Tha m' aobhar gairdeachais mòr;
 Chaidh t'fhuil phriseil a thaomadh
 Air son gach aon de do naoimh,
 'Se sùd an gaol rinn mo chiurradh
 'S rinn do shuilean mo chlaoidh.

Ach e'n dh' fheuch thu do ghradh dhomh,
 O, na fag-sa mi chaoidh,
 Gus am faic mi ad ghloir thu
 'S cha bhi bron ann no caoidh.
 Nuair a thig an la mòr sin
 'S saorsa ghloir-mhor do naoimh
 Bi'dh mi deasach' mo lochran
 Gu dol an comhail mo Rìgh.

O most gracious Saviour,
 Be Thou ever my choice;
 And secure in Thy favour
 Let me ever rejoice.
 On the cross where they slew Thee,
 There Thy love was revealed;
 This Thy love has pierced through me,
 And Thine eyes made me yield.

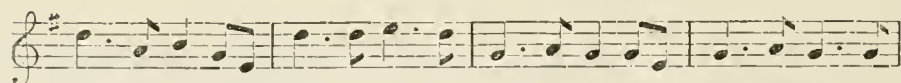
Never, never forsake me,
 From all ill keep me free,
 Till with gladness Thou take me
 All Thy glory to see.
 Till we see Thee returning
 Our deliverance to bring,
 Keep my lamp brightly burning,
 So to welcome my KING.

Words selected from Rev. P. GRANT'S hymn " " is name. The tune was contributed by a Gaelic singer in Strathpey.

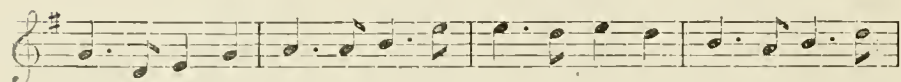
20—A CHRIOCH—THE END.



KEY G. { S : -f | m : r | m : -r | d : -d | s₁ : -l₁ | d : d | d : -r | d : -d }
 { Air charbad teine | suidhich Criosd, 'S mu'n cuairt da beucaidh 'u | fairneanach, A' }
 On fi - ery chariot Christ shall ride, With thunders rolling round His path, To



{ s : -r | m : d.l₁ | s : -s | l : -s | d : -r | d : d.l₁ | d : -r | d : -d }
 dol le ghairm gu | crìoch nan nèamh, 'S a' reub' nan neul gu | doinnionnach. O }
 bear His voice through hea - ven wide, And rend the clouds with storm and wrath. Out



{ d : -s₁ | l₁ : d | r : -r | m : -l₁ | l : -s | l : s | m : -r | m : -s }
 chuibhlìbh charbaid | thig a mach, Sruth | mor de theine | laist' le fèirg; Is }
 from His chariot - wheels shall go The fi - ery torrents of His ire, The



{ l : -d | d : d | r : -d | d : -r | m : -r | d : l₁s₁ | l₁ : -d | d : - }
 sgaoilidh 'n tnil' ud | air gach taobh, A' | cur an t-saogh'l 'n a | las - air dhéirg. ||
 flaming floods shall downward flow, And set the world a - round on fire.

Leaghaidh na Dhùile 'nuas le teas,
 Ceart mar a leaghas teine céir :
 Na cruic 's na sléibhteann lasaidh suas,
 'S bi'dh teas-ghoil air a chuan gu léir.
 An cùrtain gorm tha null o'n ghréin,
 'S mu'n cuairt do'n chruinne-ché mar chleòc,
 Crupaidh an lasair e r'a chéil,
 Mar bhéilleig air na h-éibhlìbh beò.

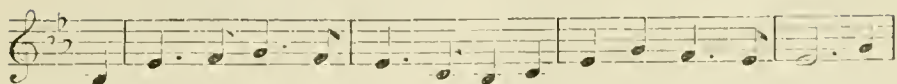
'S a chum an doinnionn atadh suas,
 O cheithir àirdibh gluaisidh 'ghaoth ;
 Ga sgùirs' le neart nan aingeal treun,
 Luathach an léir-sgrìos o gach taobh.
 Tha obair nan sè là rinn Dia,
 Le lasair òbhan 'g a chur m'a sgaoil ;
 Cia mor do shaibhbreas Rìgh nam feart.
 Nach ionndrainn casgradh mhìle saogh'l !

The elements with fervent heat
 Shall melt like wax in furnace glow,
 The flames from hills and mountains meet,
 And all the ocean boil below.
 The azure curtain of our sphere,
 Hung like a mantle o'er the earth,
 Shall shrivel up and disappear
 Like bark upon the burning hearth.

And still the fiery storm to urge
 The four strong winds together haste,
 And, with the might of angels, scourge
 The willing flames to wilder waste.
 Thus do destroying powers repeal
 Thy six days' work with one accord,
 But 'Thy dominion would not feel
 The loss of thousand worlds, O Lord !

Gaelic from BUCHANAN'S "Day of Judgment." English from "Spiritual Songs of DUGALD BUCHANAN." The melody is an Ossianic chant.

21—GLEANN NA H-IRIOSLACHD—THE VALLEY OF HUMILITY.



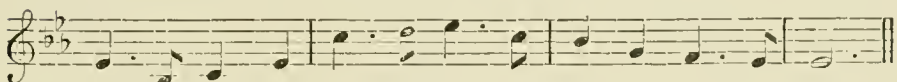
KEY: f: S_1 | $\text{d} : - . \text{r}$ | $\text{m} : - . \text{r}$ | $\text{d} : - . \text{l}_1$ | $\text{s}_1 : \text{l}_1$ | $\text{d} : \text{m}$ | $\text{r} : - . \text{d}$ | $\text{d} : - | - : \text{m}$)
 E.D. 'S e | sin an gleann is fearr a tha 's an fhasach so gu leir; Na'
 Oh, vale most sweet and low - ly found in all this des - ert dear! There



$\text{|| s} : - . \text{l}$ | $\text{d}^1 : - . \text{r}^1$ | $\text{d}^1 : - . \text{s}$ | $\text{m} : \text{s}$ | $\text{m} : \text{r}$ | $\text{m} : - . \text{s}$ | $\text{l} : - | - : \text{m}$)
 'naoimh bi'dh ann a' sraideamachd, is pairt diu sil - eadh dheur; Bi'dh)
 walk the good and ho - ly, there doth fall - the fre - quent tear; Their



$\text{|| s} : - . \text{l}$ | $\text{d}^1 : - . \text{r}^1$ | $\text{d}^1 : - . \text{t}$ | $\text{l} : \text{d}^1$ | $\text{s} : \text{m}$ | $\text{r} : - . \text{d}$ | $\text{l} : - | - : \text{S}_1$)
 bron a.r sou am peacaidh orr', 's iad beachdachadh gu geur Air)
 love and grief are blending in these tears as they behold Their



$\text{|| d} : - . \text{s}_1$ | $\text{l}_1 : \text{d}$ | $\text{l} : - . \text{t}$ | $\text{d}^1 : - . \text{l}$ | $\text{s} : \text{m}$ | $\text{r} : - . \text{d}$ | $\text{d} : - | -$ ||
 gradh do-innst an t-Slanuigheir, 'sa ghrainealachd th'annt' fein.
 vile - ness and of - fend - ing, and their Saviour's love untold.

An seachas an Ti 's àirde
 Tha luchd-aiteachaidh a ghlinn,
 'S a ghuth 's a bhriathran ghloir-mhor
 Toirt sìth is solas cuim.
 Tha 'n t-uisge 's fearr 's na h aimhnichean,
 'S a ghrian fìor chaoimhneil da,
 Tha fàsghadh 'n àm na stòirm ann,
 'S gur boidheach gorm e ghnath.

A Thighearna, deonaich dhomhsa
 Bhi ri m' bheo a fuireach ann,
 Cum m'anam bho fhein-flairinnteachd
 Is leanam Ios' gu teann.
 Bho ghathan mo luchd-mìoruin
 Dean mo dhion a dh' oich' is là,
 Gach freumh de'n pheacadh spion asam
 Is glan mo chridh' 'n ad ghràdh.

The Highest is abiding
 With the saints within that vale,
 His precious words providing
 Them with peace that ne'er shall fail.
 There pure glad streams are flowing,
 There the sunshine is serene;
 No tempests there are blowing,
 Bright and happy is the scene.

Let me be onwards pressing
 Still where Jesus' feet have trod,
 In that sweet vale of blessing
 Walking humbly with my God.
 Lord, be my soul's defender,
 Keep me aye from sin secure,
 And through Thy love most tender
 Let my heart be meek and pure.

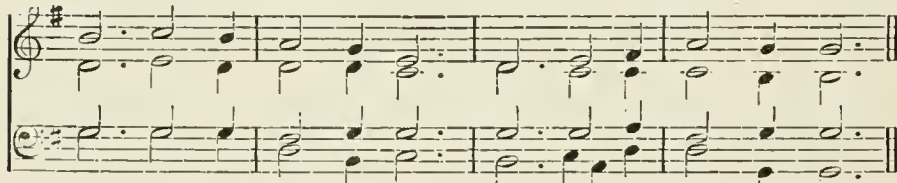
Verses from the Gaelic hymn by JOHN MACLEAN. The tune is the sacred melody known as "The Hymn of the Saviour."

22—URNUIGH AN FHEUMNAICH—THE NEEDY'S PRAYER.



Nuair bhios mi airtneulach, Triall m'astair lùrònaich thruaigh,
O'er woes and wea - ri - ness, Dark - ness and drear - i - ness,

KEY
G. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{m} : - : - | \text{f} : - : \text{m} | \text{m} : - : \text{r} | \text{r} : - : - | \text{d} : - : - | \text{d} : - : \text{d} | \text{d} : - : \text{l}_1 | \text{s}_1 : - : - \\ \text{d} : - : - | \text{d} : - : \text{d} | \text{d} : - : \text{d} | \text{t}_1 : - : - | \text{s}_1 : - : - | \text{l}_1 : - : \text{s}_1 | \text{l}_1 : - : \text{f}_1 | \text{m}_1 : - : - \\ \text{s} : - : - | \text{l} : - : \text{s} | \text{s} : - : \text{s} | \text{f} : - : - | \text{m} : - : - | \text{m} : - : \text{d} | \text{d} : - : \text{d} | \text{d} : - : - \\ \text{d} : - : - | \text{d} : - : \text{d} | \text{s}_1 : - : \text{s}_1 | \text{s}_1 : - : - | \text{d} : - : - | \text{l}_1 : - : \text{m}_1 | \text{f}_1 : - : \text{f}_1 | \text{d}_1 : - : - \end{array} \right\}$



Dhia ghloirmhoir, neartaich mi, Fàir orm is deònach buaidh.
O God most glo - rious, Make me vic - to - ri - ous.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{m} : - : - | \text{f} : - : \text{m} | \text{r} : - : \text{d} | \text{l}_1 : - : - | \text{s}_1 : - : - | \text{l}_1 : - : \text{t}_1 | \text{r} : - : \text{d} | \text{d} : - : - \\ \text{s}_1 : - : - | \text{l}_1 : - : \text{s}_1 | \text{s}_1 : - : \text{s}_1 | \text{f}_1 : - : - | \text{s}_1 : - : - | \text{f}_1 : - : \text{f}_1 | \text{f}_1 : - : \text{m}_1 | \text{m}_1 : - : - \\ \text{d} : - : - | \text{d} : - : \text{d} | \text{t}_1 : - : \text{d} | \text{d} : - : - | \text{d} : - : - | \text{d} : - : \text{r} | \text{t}_1 : - : \text{d} | \text{d} : - : - \\ \text{d} : - : - | \text{d} : - : \text{d} | \text{s}_1 : - : \text{m}_1 | \text{f}_1 : - : - | \text{m}_1 : - : - | \text{f}_1 : \text{r}_1 | \text{s}_1 | \text{s}_1 : - : \text{d}_1 | \text{d}_1 : - : - \end{array} \right\}$

Nuair bhios mi sgìth fo chradh,
Nuair bhios mo dhochas fann,
Bi-sa mo dhìdean àrd
'S m' fhìor ionad-comhnuidh ann.

Nuair bhios mi 'm brùillean stri,
'N cruaidh amhghar dolasach,
Lìon mi le suaimhneas sìth
'S nuadh chreideamh solasach.

Nuair bhios mi treigte, truagh,
'N t-eug fhuar 'g am spuinneadh lom,
Tiormaich mo dheura suas,
Tog dhìom mo thursa trom.

Fuadaich na teagamhan
'S eagail a shàrnich mi,
Glan uam m' nìl' easaontas,
'S taisbean do làth'rachd domh.

When faith is failing me,
Dark doubts assailing me,
Be Thou my hiding-place,
My safe abiding-place.

When griefs are numberless,
When cares are slumberless,
Grant me tranquillity,
Faith and humility.

When joys are leaving me,
And deaths bereaving me,
My foolish fears allay,
Wipe all my tears away.

From doubt's obscurity,
From sin's impurity,
Oh, set me free by grace,
So shall I see Thy face.

Hymn written for this collection. Harmony by W. S. RODDIE.

23—MIANN AN ANAM—THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

KEY C. (: ḍ, r | m : s : s | s : - l : t | ḍ' : l : s | m : m : ḍ', ḍ')
 Tha m'inntinn-s' an geall a bhi thall thar nìsg' Ior - dain, Mar ri)
 Over Jordan's dark ri - ver my soul ev - er strain - eth, I would

(ḍ' : r' : m' | l : s ḍ' : s m | r : d : r s | m : r : ḍ, r)
 Prionnsa na sio - chaint b'e mo mhiann dol 'na chomh - ail. 'Se
 fain dwell for ev - er where the Prince of Peace reign - eth. With a

(m : s : s | s : - l : s l | ḍ' : l : s | m : m : ḍ', ḍ')
 cl - bear na treud e, bheir e fein or - ra faic - iù; As na)
 Shepherd's de - vo - tion God's poor flock He feed - eth, And from

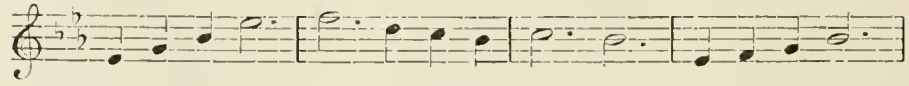
(ḍ' : r' : m' | l : s ḍ' : s m | r : d : r | m : r : ḍ, r)
 h-eil - ean - a cuainteach ni e'n cnairteach - adh dhachaidh.
 far isles of o - cean His fost oncs He leadeth.

Is e àilteachd thar chàch
 Thug mo ghradh-sa co mòr dha,
 'S nuair bhith's e as m'fhianuis,
 Bi'dh mi cianail, ro-bhronach.
 Is e m' àilleagan broillich,
 'S e mo charaid 's m' fhear-pòsd e,
 'S e mo bhrathair is sine
 Tric is minig 'gam chòmh-nadh.
 'S e fear ghabhail mo leith-sgeul
 'S a sheasamh mo chòrach,
 A phagheas m' uil' fhiachan
 'S ni mo dhion o gach dòruinn;
 Tha gach latha mar bhliadhna
 Gus an crìochnaich mi m' astar
 Gus am bi mi 'na fhianuis
 Troimh shìorruidheachd cur beachd air.

All His graces are peerless,
 And my love they awaken;
 But my spirit is cheerless,
 By His presence forsaken.
 For my Saviour most gracious
 Is my Husband most tender;
 My heart's Treasure most precious,
 Brother, Friend and Defender.
 By His strong intercessions
 Peace and pardon He gave me,
 And He bore my transgressions,
 From their vileness to save me.
 Now my faith would enfold Him
 Where sin cannot sever;
 For I long to behold Him
 For ever and ever.

Gaelic words from a hymn by Mrs CLARK of Terra-dhamh, Badenoch. Tune noted down for this collection

24—LEANABH AN AIGH—CHILD IN THE MANGER.



KEY E^b . { d : m : s | d' : - : - | r' : - : - | t : l : s | l : - : - | s : - : - | d : r : m | s : - : - }
 Leanabh an à - - igh! Leanabh bh'aig Mái - ri; Rugadh an stà - -
 Child in the man - ger! Infant of Ma - ry; Outcast and stran - -



{ l : - : - | s : m : d | r : - : - | - : - : - | s : m : s | d' : - : - | l : - : - | s : m : d }
 bull, Rígh nan dàl! Thainig do'n fhàs - ach, Dh'fhuiling 'nar/
 ger, Lord of all! Child who inher - its All our trans-



{ d : - : - | r : - : - | m : r : m | s : - : - | l : - : - | r : m : r | d : - : - | - : - : - }
 u-ait - e Son' iad an air - eamh Bhitheas dha dluth!
 gres - sions, All our demer - its On Him fall!

Ged a bhitheas leanaban
 Aig rìghrean na talmhainn,
 'N greadhnachas garbh
 'Us anabarr muirn,
 'S gearr gus ain falbh iad
 'S fasaidh iad anmhninn,
 An ailleachd 's an dealbh
 A searg' 'san uir.

Cha b' ionann 's an t-Uan
 A thainig g'ar fuasgladh,
 Iriosal stuama,
 Ghluais e'n tus;
 E naomh gun truaileachd,
 Cruithfhear an t-sluaigh,
 Dh' eirich e suas
 Le buaidh o'n uir.

So leanabh an aigh,
 Mar dh' aithris na faidhean,
 'S na h-ainglean ard,
 B' e miann an sul;
 'S e's airidh ar gradh
 'S ar n' urram thoirt dha;
 Is sona an aireamh
 Bhitheas dha dluth.

Monarchs have tender
 Delicate children,
 Nourished in splendour,
 Proud and gay;
 Death soon shall banish
 Honour and beauty,
 Pleasure shall vanish,
 Forms decay.


But the most holy
 Child of Salvation,
 Gently and lowly
 Lived below;
 Now as our glorious
 Mighty Redeemer,
 See Him victorious
 O'er each foe.

Prophets foretold Him—
 Infant of wonder;
 Angels behold Him
 On His throne;
 Worthy our Saviour
 Of all their praises,
 Happy for ever
 Are His own.

Gaelic words from the hymn by Mrs M. MACDONALD, Mull (Mairi Dhughallach, bean Neill Dhomhnullaich ann an Ard Tunna).

25—AONACHD RI CRÌOSD—UNION WITH CHRIST.

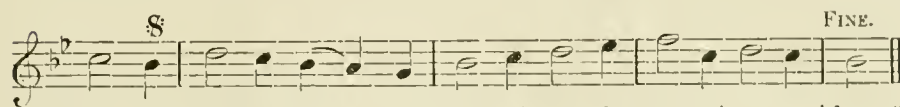
KEY B⁷.



(f: d | m : - : r | d : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : f | s : - : r | m : - : d)

(B⁷. { B⁷. | sud an cean - gal caomh - aill caoin, Nl thu ad aon ri
Oh hap - py bond! oh ho - ly tryste! If thou and Christ art

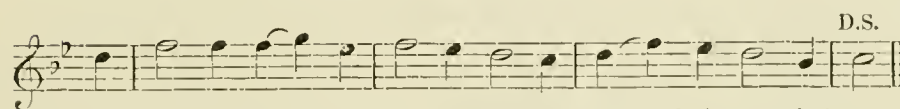
S FINE.



(f: r : - : d | m : - : r | d : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : f | s : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : ||

(Criosd! Air chor's gu'm bi thu reir a ghne 'Sgu meal thu e gu flor.
one, His na - ture and His power divine Made thine while a - ges run.
Is leat a nìhais' ts u - ram àrd, Is leat gun chaird a ghlòir.
His glor - y bright and beau - ty rare, And joy that ne'er shall dim.

D.S.



(f: m | s : - : s | s : l : f | s : - : f | m : - : r | m : s : f | m : - : d | r : - : ||

(Air dhuit bhi pos - da ri Mac Dhe, 'S leat fein a shaibhreas mor,
If mar - ried to God's Son, thou hast Heaven's treasures vast with Him;

Is leis-san d' fhiachan is cha leat-s'
Aon pheacadh rinn thu rìamb;
Do chionta uile thog e uait
Le dhioladh buadhach fior.
Gach teasairginn, gach dìon is gaol
Bheir daoine d' an ceile graidh,
Bheir Crìosd sin duit-s' is tuille fos
Ri d' bheo le cridhe blath.

Nuair sheasas tu le aoibhneas ard
An la'ir a Bhreitheimh choir,
'N sin thig do bhinn a mach gu caoin,
O d' charaid gaol, d' fhear-posd'.
Nuair chi thu ardachadh d' fhir-posd',
D'a ghlòir is leat-sa roinn,
Co-ghloir, co-shonas is co-naill,
'S thu fuaight ris mar cho-oighr'?

Cha bhi na h-àingle 's binne cliu
Co dluth ri Crìosd riut fein;
Is ceile thus', is oiglaich iads'
Gu d' riarachadh gu leir.
Cha'n fhaic thu chaoidh am measg nan sluagh
Bhios shuas an sud gu h-ard
Aon nasal mar do charaid gaol
Ta aonaicht riut tre ghras.

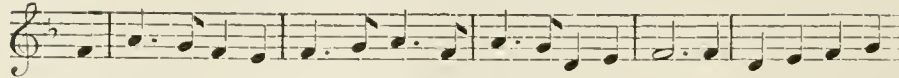
Thou hast brought Him but pain and loss,
For on the cross He paid
The hopeless debt that thou hast owed;
Thy load on Him was laid,
With all the sympathy and love
A man may give his bride,
Thy Lord shall make, while ages roll,
Thy soul be satisfied.

And when before God's throne thou art,
Shall not thy heart rejoice
Thy gracious sentence there to hear
In thy dear Husband's voice?
In all that shall thy Spouse exalt,
Thou shalt possess a share;
Thou hast in all His hopes a part,
And art His fellow-heir.

Thou, nearer than the angel band,
On His right hand shalt be;
Thou art His bride in queenly state,
And they but wait on thee.
Oh, never shalt thou see among
That glorious throng above
One half so fair or good as He
Who gave to thee His love.

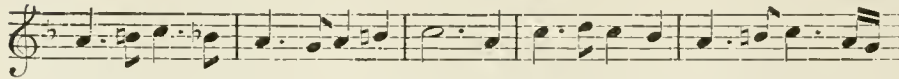
From hymn by Dr. MACGREGOR;

26—AM MEANGAN—THE BRANCH.



KEY: F. { d | m : -r | d : t₁ | d : -r | m : -d | m : -r | l₁ : t₁ | d : - | - : d | l₁ : t₁ | d : r }

O bhonn le - se bhrist a mach am faillean gasda ur, Am fìor chrann uaine)
 From Jesse's root a love - ly shoot, a Branch of beauty grew; And bright was seen its



{ m : -fe | s : -f | m : -r | m : fe | s : - | - : m | s : -l | s : f | m : -fe | s : -m, r }

taghta luachmhor, 's a'ridh e air cliu, Am Meangan uasal torrach buadh'or)
 glorious aheen, its graceful form and hue; Its leaves were fair, its fruit was rare, and



{ l₁ : t₁ | d : r | m : - | - : m | d : t₁ | l₁ : t₁ | d : -r | m : -s, f | m : r, d | l₁ : -t₁ | d : - | - }

's e gach uair fo dhriùchd, A gheugan dosrach sin - te suas, 's iad tarruing uaithe suigh.
 sweet it was to view Its branches wide on ever - y side refreshed with heaven's dew.

'Se so an ceann am measg nan crann, air ardachadh gu mor,
 Faillean, sugh'or, maiseach, cùbhraidh, taitneach, urar, og,
 Aluinn, clastach, 's e ro sgiamhach, miannaicht air gach doigh.
 Gun fheachd no flaraidh, ruaidh no crionadh, gun ghaoid, no giamh, no go.

Crann ro-phriseil, miann na fride, 's e gu dìreach fas,
 E air aineadh mach a gheugan 's iad gu leir fo bhliath,
 Nach mothaich tart mu am an teas, nach searg 's nach crion gu brath,
 Air uisge seimh tha e 'na thamh, 's cha tiorraich mheud an trasg.

Tha amhainn fìor-ghlan ruith m'a chrìochaibh dh'fhìor-uisg shoilleir, beo,
 Cur subhachas an cridh' gach aon a gheibh dì taom'ri ol,
 Tha slaint' is ùrach 'na dhuilleach cùbhraidh do'n anam bruith' fo leon,
 Beatha is ioc-shilaint dhàibh fo'n iarguin, 's gheibh dream gun lùths uath treoir.

Meangan cliuiteach 's e air lùbadh le ur-mheas chum an iar,
 Toirt toradh trom gach am 'sa bhliadhu', 's gu sìorruidh a toirt fais,
 Tha e brioghor 's mor a mhillseachd anns gach linn is àl,
 'S gach gun tha glan am measg na coill' gheibh iad fo'n chraobh so sgail.

Oh, this shall be of every tree the first and most renowned,
 Grandly swelling, sweetly smelling, fresh, and straight, and sound;
 For evermore its living store of graces shall abound,
 And no decay or blenish may in all its boughs be found.

A princely stem, the forest's gem, it ever fairly grows,
 Its branches broad beneath a load of blossoms far it throws;
 When suns are hot it withers not, no drought or thirst it knows,
 But beareth fruit, for at its root the living water flows.

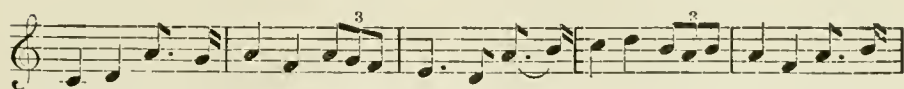
That river clear, that floweth near with current pure and bright,
 Alone imparts to human hearts a sorrowless delight;
 These leaves make whole the wounded soul, and give the weary night,
 Bestowing wealth of life and health instead of pain and blight.

This goodly shoot with golden fruit is down from heaven weighed;
 Throughout the year its fruits appear, its bloom shall never fade;
 To every race it yieldeth grace with vigour undecayed,
 And cool retreat for warblers sweet beneath its pleasant shade.

Words from a beautiful hymn by Mrs CAMERON, Rannoch.

27—LA BHREITHEANAIS—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

KEY C. 
 f : l., s | f : r : m r m | d : r : r., m | f : s : m r m | f : - l : l., s | l : f : m r m
 O anam, gu curam Nis d'uisg a - gus smuabich Nuair thig Leomhan threubh
 Rouse, O soul, from thy languor! When thou seest ap - pear - ing Judah's Li - ou in


 d : r : l., s | l : f : l., s f | m : - r : l., t | d' : r' : t., l t | l : f : l., t
 Judah, 'N tig thu dluth dha gun uamhas? 'M faod do chridhe bhi l'aidir, No do
 auger, Wilt thou meet Him unfear - ing? Shall thy heart still be boldest, And thy


 d' : r' : t., l t | d' : - r' : d', r' | m' : r' : t., l t | d' : l : d', t | l : f : l., s f | m : - r
 lamh a bhi buadhach Nuair a chi thu 'na ghloir e 'S aingle gloir-mhor mu'n cuairt da?
 proud arm be rearing, When His power thou be - hold - est, Whom the heavens are re - ver - ing?

Cluinn an trompaid 'ga seideadh,
 'S fuaim nan speur a dol thairis;
 Tha na mairbh nis toirt geill da,
 'S iad ag eiridh o'n talamh;
 Nis dh' fhosgail na h-uaignean,
 'S bhruchd an sluagh asd' gu h-ealamh,
 'S thug e'm follais an sluagh sin
 Bha 's na cuaintean am falach.

Tha mille tairn'each ag eigheach,
 'N sluagh gu leir tha ri faire,
 'S leis an fhuaim tha'nns na speuraibh,
 Chrith gach creutair air thalamh;
 'N euan 's na tonnan a beucaich,
 'S bonn nan sleibhtean air carach,
 'S cridhe dhaoine 'g an treigsinn,
 Ach e' ait' an teid iad 'g am falach?

Ach, anam, ma fhuair thu
 Fuil an Uaim gu do shaoradh,
 Na biodh do chridhe 'gad fhailinn
 Cluinntinn caramh an t-saoghail.
 'N Ti 's an do chuir thu do dhochas,
 'S e sud a ghloir tha 'g a taomadh,
 'S e sud na tuitlean a chual thu
 Thig air an t-sluagh nach tug gaol da.

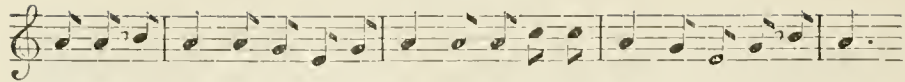
Hark! the trumpet-sound blending
 With the flame's wild explosion;
 See! the dead are ascending,
 Yielding lowly devotion!
 Graves unnumbered restore them,
 All earth's dust is in motion,
 And the dark depths outpour them
 From the caves of the ocean!

Thousand thunders are rolling,
 And mankind is awaking;
 Under sounds so appalling
 All earth's creatures are quaking.
 Ocean's billows are boiling,
 Mighty mountains are shaking,
 And men's hearts back recoiling,
 Every hope is forsaking.

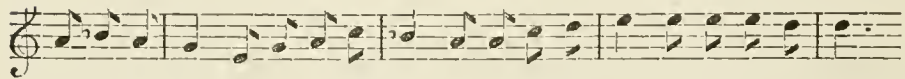
But if Christ's blood avail thee,
 O my soul, for ablution,
 Let thy heart never fail thee
 In earth's final confusion.
 See thy Saviour come glorious,
 He who gave absolution,
 And His right arm, victorious,
 Gives His foes retribution.

From hymn by Rev. P. GRANT.

28—GAIRDEACHAS—JOY.



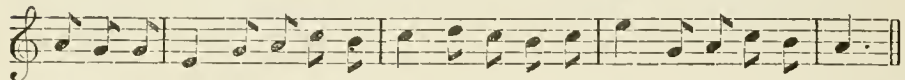
KEY C. { .l : l.ta | l : l.s : m.s | l : l.l : d'.d' | l : s.m : s.ta | l : -. }
 O'sann tha'n solas aig dream fhuair | eo - las Airneach cho gloir mhor ri aon Mhac | Dhe!
 Oh, sweetest joy without stint or measure, The love of Je - sus to earth come down!



{ .l : ta.l | s : m.s : l.d' | ta : l.l : d'.r' | m' : m'.m' : m'.r' | r' : -. }
 { Cha nithcan feolmhor ri'm beil an doch - as Ach crun na gloir ann an rioghachd neimh. }
 Oh, poor to us were earth's richest treasure, Who hope to wear an immortal crown.



{ .l : d'.r' | m' : m'.m' : m'.r' | r' : d'.l : d'.r' | m' : d'.d' : d'.l | d' : -. }
 { Bubbhochd an storas le gleann nan deoir so, 'S na bheil de dh'oir anns a chruinne- che; }
 A poor posses - sion were all cre - a - tion And all the wealth that the world contains,



{ .l : s.s | m : s.l : d'.t | d' : r'.d' : t.d' | m' : s.l : d'.t | l : -. }
 { Tha'n cridhe deonach bhi thall air Iordan, A seinn an orain d'an d'thug iad speis. }
 All mean and meagre to spirits ea - ger For heaven's glo - ries and joyful strains.

O a bhrathraibh nach dean sibh gaird'cheas,
 Anns gach sarach thig oirbh fo'n gbrein?
 Togaibh Hosanna do'n Ti a bhàsaich,
 Tha chlin air ardach' os cionn nan neamh;
 'S nuair a chuimhniceas sibh air fhabhor
 Le cridhe blath thugaibh dhasan geill;
 Tha e am Pàrras mar fhior bhrathair,
 Ag ullach àit dhuibh 'na rioghachd fein.

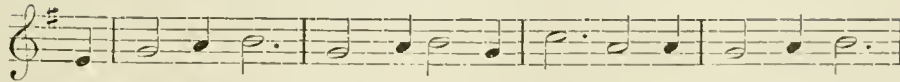
'S e clann Shìoin a chuideachd rioghail
 Aig am bheil sìth ris an Ti is aird,
 'S bheir e tearnint' iad as gach trioblaid
 'S bith' e 'n a dhìdean dhaibh aig a bhàs.
 Cha chum am bàs iad, 's cha chum an naigh iad,
 Thug esan buaidh air na gaisgich threun,
 Is amhluidh shaoras e fos a shluagh uath'
 Is bheir e suas iad gu rioghachd fein.

Oh, then, rejoice with glad voices ringing,
 In all your sufferings extol His name,
 To Him who died, your hosannas singing
 Whose praise the angels of God proclaim.
 Think on the favour of Christ, our Saviour,
 Obey with gladness His least command;
 Our form He beareth, while He prepareth
 Our happy home in His Father's land.

For Sion's sons are a royal nation,
 The chosen friends of the Lord most High;
 He shall redeem them from tribulation,
 And when life leaves them, His love is nigh.
 Death cannot chain them, nor grave restrain them,
 For these are conquered by Jesus' might;
 He shall deliver His own for ever,
 And make them glad in His home of light.

Gaelic words by Rev. P. GRANT. The melody is that used in GRANT'S own district, Strathspey.

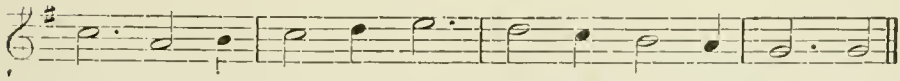
29—AN FHOIS SHIORRUIDH—THE REST ETERNAL.



KEY G. { l | d : - : r | m : - : - | d : - : r | m : - : d | f : - : - | r : - : r | d : - : r | m : - : - }
 Nach so - na suaimh - neach an sluagh a dh' fhag sinn, Theich as gach truaigh
 The hap - py dead whom the Lord hath tak - en, Have rest for ev -



{ m : - : f | m : - : d | r : - : - | r : - : l | d : - : r | m : - : - | d : - : r | m : - : d }
 's a chaidh suas gu l'ar - ras; Lean iad an t-Uan 's iad air chuairt 's an
 er from sin and sad - ness; They followed Christ, and were not for -



{ f : - : - | r : - : m | f : - : s | l : - : - | s : - : f | m : - : r | d : - : - | d : - : - }
 fhas - ach, Is dh' fhag sud suaimh - neach aig uair a bhàis iad.
 sak - en, And now they share in immort - al glad - nesa.

'S e'n fhùil chaidh dhortadh thug coir tre ghràs
 Air beo-dhochas nach deach' a narach'; [dhaibh
 Thu, fuil an Uain tuille's buaidh na 'm bàs dhaibh
 'S ged fhàir an naigh iad bi 'n leabaidh thamb i.

Nuair chur iad cùl ris gach duil fo'n ghrein so'
 Dh' fhosgail an suil ann an dùthaich neamhaidh'
 Seinn halleluiahs, 's a chliu 'n am beul-san,
 'S tha saoghal ur dhaibh a nis air eiridh.

Tha fois o'n t-saoghal 's o chorp a bhàis ac',
 O chiont' 's o dhaorsa 's o eagail trailleil,
 'S o ana-miannaibh mi-rianail làidir,
 'S o smuaintean diomhain bha riann 'gan sarach.

Nis tha'm Fear-posd' ac' 's iad beo le lathaireachd
 'S iad nis cho sgiamhach 's bu mhiann le'n cairdean;
 Tha slàinte as ùr tigh'nn o ghnùis an Ard-Rìgh,
 'S iad sona suaimhneach gun luaidh air bàs ac'.

For when He gave them a hope so glorious,
 They placed their souls in His gracious keeping;
 Through Jesus' blood over death victorious,
 Their flesh in grave is but softly sleeping.

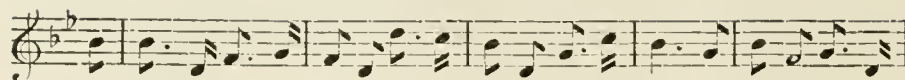
When to their eyes all this world was darkened,
 Their spirits entered on scenes surprising;
 To halleluiahs with joy they hearkened,
 And saw heaven's glories around them rising.

They have no sickness, nor sore, nor sighing,
 Nor thirst, nor hunger, nor wants distress them;
 No death nor sorrow, nor care nor crying,
 But peace eternal to soothe and bless them.

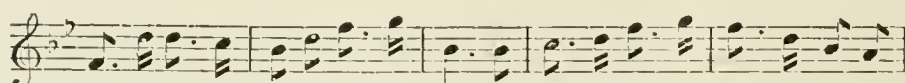
They have the Bridegroom, beloved and precious,
 The love He giveth their souls adorning;
 Their hearts rejoice in His smile most gracious,
 And sing the sweetness of heaven's morning.

Gaelic words from the hymn by Rev. P. GRANT.

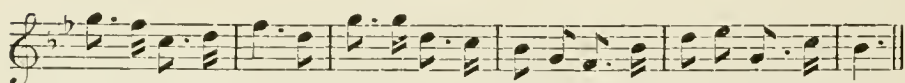
30—AN CATH—THE CONFLICT.



KEY { d | d ., m | : s | ., l | | s | ., m | : m ., r | d ., m | : l | ., r | d : - . l | d ., s | : l | ., m | }
 B♭. { Is | iomadh | comhrag, | s'reup is stri Do'n | chreidmbeach fhuir tha'n | dual; Tha | naimhdeas ifrionn- | }
 Through many a sorrow, strife and storm, Must Christian pilgrims pass; For powers of ill in



{ s | ., m | : m ., r | d ., m | : s ., l | d : - . d | r ., m | : s ., l | s ., m | : d ., t | }
 ail le spid, 'Ga ruith gach mir dhe chuairt; Is buairidhean bho'n t-sloc is isl' A }
 every form Their upward course harass; When hell's temptations fast ascend, Their



{ l | ., s | : r ., m | s : - . m | l | ., l | : m ., r | d ., l | : s | ., d | m ., f | : l | ., r | d : - . }
 lot a chri' gu cruaidh, Ach bheir e buaidh 'san ruaig 'ga crich, Fo bhratach caoin an Uain.
 bosom often bleeds, But they shall conquer in the end, Who march where Jesus leads.

Is lionmhor cath, is gleachd, is duaidh,
 Is buille bhualadh dhòrn,
 Is amhghar, trioblaid, teinn is truaigh,
 Tha dhaibh an dual 's an fheadil;
 Ach armachd Dhè bheir dhaibh a bhuaidh
 'S thig iad an nachdar beò,
 'S trid neart an Tì rinn sìth dhaibh suas
 Bi' gaisge chruaidh 'nan treòir.

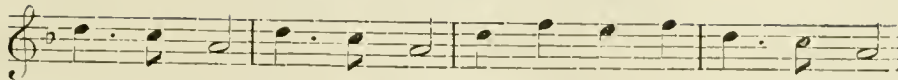
Tha bnairidhean a teachd bho'n nàmh
 Air iomadh fath mu'n cuairt,
 Mar dhiachainn theinteach bhios 'gan cràdh
 'S a toirt dhaibh tàire cruaidh;
 Oha nochd e caoimhneas dhaibh no bàigh,
 'S gun iochd 'na ghnaths, no truas,
 Ach chum an dearbhadh anns gach càs
 Bheir iad tre ghràs làn bhuaidh.

What weary conflicts fierce and long,
 What sudden strokes of pain,
 What trouble and distress and wrong
 Must Christian hearts sustain!
 But when in God's own armour clad,
 Though foes their path assail,
 His mighty strength shall make them glad,
 And they shall still prevail.

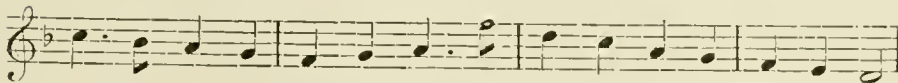
When sore temptations surge and swell
 Around the Christian race,
 Assaults of sin and thoughts from hell
 That torture and abase,
 These cruel foes on every side
 The man of God must face,
 And he shall be a soldier tried,
 And conqueror through grace.

Gaelic words from the hymn by JOHN MORRISON (Ian Moirison a bha anns na Hearadh).

31—SMEIDEADH OIRNN—BECKONING.



KEY F. 1 : - . S | m : - | 1 : - . S | m : - | 1 : d' | t : d' | 1 : - . S | m : -)
 Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn! Olc 'us math a' smeideadh oirnn!
 Beckoning, beckoning! Good and e - vil beckoning!



| s : - . f | m : r | d : r | m : - . d' | 1 : s | m : r | d : t, | l, : - ||
 Bi mar iuil dhuinn, Dhia nam feart, A chum 's nach fag sinn slighean ceart.
 Be our guide, O God of truth, And save us from the snares of youth.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn;
 Sugraidh 'n t-saoghail smeideadh oirnn;
 Caisg 's a chridhe mianntan cearr,
 'Us aom ar ruintean chum na's fhearr.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn;
 Maoin 'us clin a' smeideadh oirnn;
 Cum sinn umhail, saor o naill,
 A chum 's nach fas ar cridhe ernaidh.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn;
 Toigse 's eolas smeideadh oirnn;
 Teagaisg sinn, a chum 's nach claon
 Ar n-inntiun dh' ionnsuidh bheachdan faoin.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn;
 Gradh 'us seirc a' smeideadh oirnn;
 Deonaich dhuinn na h-aighe caomh
 A ghradhaicheas an cinne-daoin.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn;
 Iosa, 'n Slanuighear, smeideadh oirnn;
 Treoraich sinn gu crìch ar cuairt
 A chum 's gu'm bi sinn leis-san shuas.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Worldly pleasures beckoning;
 Let us ne'er be led astray,
 But keep us in the heavenly way.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Wealth and fame are beckoning;
 May our youthful hearts abide
 Untouched by discontent or pride.

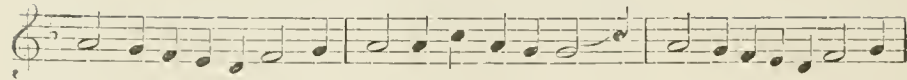
Beckoning, beckoning,
 Truth and wisdom beckoning;
 Teach us, Lord, and let us be
 From ignorance and folly free.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Grace and love are beckoning;
 Grant us, Lord, a lowly mind
 And tender heart for all mankind.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 See our Saviour beckoning;
 Lead us, Lord, till life be past,
 That we may live with Him at last.

Children's Hymn. Gaelic words by M. MACFARLANE.

32.—NA SLEIBHTEAN—THE MOUNTAINS.



KEY F. { m : - : r | d : t : l : | d : - : r | m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : s | m : - : r | d : t : l : | d : - : r }

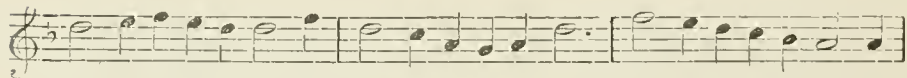
{ 'S tosdach cinin tha na sleibhteann, Samhach seinheil am feith, Neamhis talamh, 'n an tamh'air }
 Sith, mar dhoimhne na fairge, Comhdach carraig is torr— Sith, mar aigeann neo-chrìochnach
 Calm and still are the mountains, Peace hath here her a - bode, Heav'n and earth are repos - ing
 Si - lence—soleinn, un - broken, Deep and vast as the sea, As the measureless o - cean

D.C.



{ m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : - | d : - : m | s : l : s | s : - : s | m : - : s | s : l : s | s : - : - }

{ Sàbaid shoimneanta Dhè, } Dhia, a chruthaich na sleibhteann, Tha do-leirsinneach dlùth,
 Cuan na sìorruidheachd moir. } In the Sabbath of God, } Lord, who madest the mountains, Thou art here though unseen;
 Of e - ter - nity. }



{ l : - : t | d : t : l | l : - : d' | l : - : s | m : r : m | l : - : - | d' : - : t | l : s : f | m : - : m }

{ Their do m'anam bhi sìochail, Their do m'spiorad bhi cìhin. } O! an sith tha'n ad Rathair, }
 Give me also this calmness, Make my spirit serene. Oh, the peace of Thy presence,



{ l : - : r | r : d : r | m : - : s | l : - : l | s : m : r | d : - : r | m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : - ||

{ tàladh m'laidh o'n chridh'— } Deònaich dhomhsa 'n a Janachd } Sith 'n ad lathair gu sìor.
 Where all sorrow shall cease! Let me now and for e - ver Find Thine in - fi - nite peace.

'S laidir seasmhach na sleibhteann,
 Treun neo-chaochlaideach riamh;
 Fhuair iad neart am bun-àite
 'S mòrachd àlail o Dhia.
 O! is maiseach na sleibhteann,
 'G eiridh suas gu na neimh;
 Bhean do mheir rin is fhuair iad
 Bhuats' an àilneachd 's an sgeimh.
 Neart, is maise, is sìochaint,
 Lionadh srath agus beinn,
 Aiteal ghlan o do ghloir-sa,
 Dril o d' oirdhearcas fein.
 Theid na sleibhteann so thairis.
 Ach 's buan-mhaireannach Dia,
 'S nochdaidh esan nuadh ghloir dhuinn
 Bhios siun moladh gu sìor.

Strong and steadfast, the mountains
 Feel no changes of time,
 God did lay their foundations,
 He hath made them sublime.
 He hath clothed them with beauty,
 Sweet and lovely and rare,
 By the touch of His fingers
 They are heavenly fair.
 Peace and power and beauty
 Vale and mountain disclose,
 Dimly showing His glory
 From whose hand they arose.
 When the mountains have vanished
 He shall live evermore,
 Still revealing new glories
 While we praise and adore.

This beautiful melody belongs to one of ROB DONN'S elegies. The words are by L. M.

PART III.

Gaelic Psalmody.

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1.- COLESHILL.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key { :m .s | l :-l | l :s | l :t | l :- || l :s | s .l :s | m .s :l .d | }

C. Mo shui - le to - gam suas a chum. Mo shui - le
I to the hills will lift mine eyes. I to the

Prec.

{ d' :l | s :d | l :s | s .l :s | r :m || l .d | r' :-d' | r' :m' | r' :d' .l || }

to - gam suas a chum. Nam beann o'n tig mo neart,
hills will lift mine eyes. From whence doth come mine aid,

Cong.

{ l .d' :r' | r' .m' :r' | d' .r' :m' | d' :l | s .l :d' | d' :- || }

Nam beann o'n tig mo neart.
From whence doth come mine aid.

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l .d' | r' :-d' | r' :d' | r' :-m' .r' | d' :r' .d' .l || l .d' :r' | r' :m' .r' | d' :r' .m' | }

O'n Dia rinn tal-amh ag - us neamh, O'n Dia rinn
My safe - ty com-eth from the Lord, My safe - ty

Prec.

{ d' :l | s :d | l :s | s .l :s | r :m || l .d | r' :-d' | r' :m' | r' :d' .l || }

tal - amh ag - us neamh, Ta m'fhurtachd ui - le teachd,
com - eth from the Lord, Who heaven and earth hath made,

Cong.

{ d' :l | s :- | s .l :d' | r' :m' .r' | d' :t .l .s | l :- || }

Ta m'fhurt - achd ui - le teachd.
Who heaven and earth hath made.

2.- FRENCH.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key F. { *f* | *m*:-*f* | *s*:-*m* | *s*:-*l*,*s* | *m*,*s*:(*m*,*r*) || *d*:- | *d*,*r*:*m* | *f*:*m* | *r*,*m*,*f*:*s* }

Is toigh leam Dia, air son gu'n d'eisd, *Is toigh leam*
I love the Lord, because my voice, *I love the*

{ *m*,*f*:*s* | *f*,*m*:*r*,*m* | *d*,*r*:*m* | *r*,*m*,*f*:*s*,*l*,*s* | *m*,*f*,*m*:*r*,*m* | *d*,*r*,*m*,*f*:*s*,*l*,*s* | *m*,*f*:*s*:- ||

Dia, air son gu'n d'eisd,
Lord, be cause my voice,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ *f* | *m*:-*f* | *s*:-*l*,*s* | *m*,*s*:(*m*,*r*) || *m*,*f*:*s* | *l*,*s* | *f* | *m*:*r*,*m*,*s* | *r*:*m* | *r*,*d*:*m*,*r* }

Rim' ghuth's rim' uir-nigh fòs, *Ri m' ghuth*
And pray-ers He did hear, *And pray -*

{ *d*:- | *l*,*d*:*r*,*d*,*l* | *s*,*d*:*r*,*m*,*f* | *s*,*l*:*s* | *d*:*r* | *m*:- | *r*:- | *d*:- ||

's rim' uir - nigh fòs
ers He did hear,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ *f* | *m*:-*f* | *s*:-*m* | *s*:-*l*,*s* | *m*,*s*:(*m*,*r*) || *s*:*l* | *d*,*t*:*l* | *s*:*l*:-*t* | *d*,*t*:*l*,*t*,*l* }

A chionn gu'n d'aom e riom a chluas, *A chionn*
I, while I live, will call on Him, *I, while*

{ *s*:- | *s*:-*l* | *t*,*d*:*t*,*l*,*s* | *s*:- | *m*,*f*:*s* | *l*,*s*:*f*,*m* | *r*:*m*,*f*:*s*,*l*:*s* | *d*,*m*:-*f*:*s*:- ||

gu'n d'aom e riom a chluas,
I live, will call on Him,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m:-f | s:-l,s | m.s:(m.r) || m,f:s.l s f | m:r.m,s | r:m | r.d:m.r }

Sior eigh-eam ris-rim' bheo. Sior eigh -
Who bowed to me His ear. Who bowed

|| d:-l, ,d:r,d.l | s:-d,r.m,f | s,l:s | d:r | m:- | r:-d:- ||

eam ris - rim' bheo.
to me His ear.

3.- ST. DAVID'S.

Key D. || d:-f:- | m:-s:- | l:-d:- | f:-s:l | m:-s:- | f:-s:- | m:-:- | r:-:- ||

O thug - aibh mol - adh mòr do Dhia,
Give praise and thanks un - to the Lord,

|| d:-f:- | m:-s:- | d:-r:m | f:-s | s:-l:- | s:-:- ||

Is buidh - each - as far - aon,
For bount - i - ful is He;

|| s:-ta:- | l:-s | f:-s:l | s:-m | d:-m | f:-s:- | m:-:- | r:-:- ||

Oir tha e maith, mair - idh gu brath
His tend - er mer - cy doth en - dure

|| s:-:-m | d:-r:- | f:-s:f | m:-:-r | d:r m:r | d:-:- ||

A throc - air gras - mhoir caoin.
Un - to e - ter - nit - y.

4.- DUNDEE.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key { :l | l :l | l :l | t :-l | t :-l | l :-s | m :f.s | l :-s | l :-l | t :d., l | s :l }

C. Tha ann an Si-on feitheamhort, Tha ann an
Praise waits for Thee in Si-on Lord, Praise waits for

l :t:d.,r,d | t.l,t:l | l :t:d.,r,d | t.l,t:l | l :s | l :t | d :-t | l :t:l | l :s.,l | t.,l:s | m :-s :-l

Si - on feith - - - eamh ort,
Thee in Si - - - on Lord,

Prec. *Cong.* 3

{ :d' | t :t .l | l :l .t | d' :-l | d' :r' | m' .r' m' r' :d' | d' :r' | m' .r' m' r' :d' | d' :r' | m' .r' m' r' :d' }

Mol-adh, a Dhe, gun dith; Mol - - adh,
To Thee vows paid shall be; To Thee

3

d' :r' | m' .r' m' r' :d' | d' :t | l :t :d' | r' :m' | r' :d' :t | l :-t | d' :-l

a Dhe, gun dith;
vows paid shall be;

Prec. *Cong.* 3

{ :d' | t :t .l | l :s | l :l .t | d' :-l | d' :r' | m' .r' m' r' :d' | d' :r' | m' .r' m' r' :d' | d' :r' | m' .r' m' r' :d' }

'Sann duit a dhiol-ar fos gu pailt, 'Sann duit
O Thou that hear-er art of prayer, O Thou

m' :-r' | d' :-l | d' :-t | l :t | d' :t | l :t:l | l :s | l :t | d' :-t | l :t:l | l :s.,l | t.,l:s | m :-s :-l

a dhiol - ar fos gu pailt,
that hear - er art of prayer,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :d' | t | :l .l | l | :l .t | d' :— | d' | t | l .t , l :s | s :l .d' | l .s :l .t }
A bhoid mar gheall-ar i. A bhoid
All flesh shall come to Thee. All flesh

|| l :— | m , s .l :t , l :s | s :l .s , f | m .f :s .l | s :l | :— ||
mar gheall - - - ar i.
shall come to Thee.

5.— NEW LONDON.

Key Eb.

|| d :— | m :— | d :— | l :— | s :— | s :l | d' :— | d' :— | l :— | :— ||
Le guth mo bheoil trath eigh - eam riut;
O Lord, give ear un - to my voice,

|| s :— | l :— | s :— | d' :— | m :— | l :— | s :— | r :— | m :— | r :— | d :— | :— ||
Thoir eisd - eachd domh, a Dhe,
When I do cry to Thee;

|| s :— | l :— | d' :— | t :— | l :— | t :— | s :— | t :— | l :— | s :— | l :— | s :— | l :— | s :— | r :— | m :— | :— ||
Le iochd dean troc - air orm, is foir,
Up - on me al - so mer - cy have,

|| m :— | s :— | s :— | l :— | l :— | d' :— | m :— | r :— | d :— | d :— | r :— | m :— | r :— | d :— | :— | :— ||
Gu gras - mhoir freag - air mi.
And do Thou an - swer me.

6.- ELGIN.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key G. { :r | r :r | r :m | f :s f | m :- || r :-, m, f | m :- | r :-, m, f | m :- | r :d | r, m, f }

Lér cluasaibh chuala sinn, a Dhé, Lér cluas - aibh
O God, we with our ears have heard, O God, we

{ f :s | l, s, l :s | s :f | s, l :s | s, l :s f | m, l :r | r :m | f s f, m r m :r | d :r | m :- }

chual - a sinn, a Dhé,
with our ears have heard,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :r | r :r, m | f s f | m :- || r, f :m | r, f :s | s :l, s | m, s :r }

Ar sinn - sir chuir an ceill, Ar sinn -
Our fa - thers have us told, Our fa -

{ r :m | f s f, m r m :r | r :m | f s f, m r m :r | r :d | r, m :r | d :r | m :- }

sir chuir an ceill,
thers have us told,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ f | m :r | r :r | f :r f | s :- || l :s | l, s :f | f :s | l :s | s :f | s, l :s }

Na gníomhar - a a rinn-eadh leat, Na gníomh - ar -
What works Thou in their days hadst done, What works Thou

{ s, f, s :l, s, m, s :r | r :m | f s f, m r m :r | r :m | f s f, m r m :r | s :l, s, m, s :r | d :r | m :- }

a a rinn - eadh leat,
in their days hadst done.

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :r | r :r.m | f :s.f | m:- || r .f :m | r .f :s | s :l .s | m .s :r }

Nan aim-sir fad o chein. Nan aim - - -
 Ev'n in the days of old. Ev'n in

|| r :m | f s f.m r m :r | r :m | f s f.m r m :r | r :d | r .m :r | d :r | m :- ||

sir fad o chein.
 the days of old.

7.- MARTYRS.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key D. { :l | l :l | l :l | l :t | l :- || r :m | f :s.f.m | r .m :f | s :- | s :l | s.l.s :f }

Os - nai' a phriosan-aich ad lath'r, Os - - naidh a
 O let the pris'ners' sighs a-scend O let the

|| l :s | l.s :f | f .s :l .t | l.s :f.m | r .m :f | s.f :m | r .m :f.s | l.s.f :l.s.f | f :s | l :- ||

phrio - san - aich ad lath'r,
 pris - 'ners' sighs a - - - scend

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l | l :l.s | f :s | s :l || l :s | l .t :d' | l .d' :-t | l .t.l :s }

Thigeadh a Dhé nam feart. Thig - - - eadh
 Be-fore Thy sight, on high. Be - - - fore

|| s :l .t :d' :- | l .d' :-t | l .t.l : | t .d' :-r' | m' .r' .d' :t | d' :t .l.s | l :- ||

a Dhé nam feart.
 Thy sight, on high.

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l | l :l.s | s :f | s :-s | l :- | l :s | l .t :d | l .d :-t | l .t .l :s | s :l .t | d .t :l }

'San dream a dh'orduibheadh chum bais 'San dream a
Pre-serve those in Thy might-y power, Pre - serve those

l :s | l .s :f | f .s :l .t | l .s :f .m | r .m :f | s .f :m | r .m :f .s | l .s :f .l .s :f | f :s | l :-

dh'ord - uich - eadh chum bais
in Thy might - y power,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l | l :l.s | s :s | l :d | d :-t | l .t :d | l .d :-t | l .t .l :s }

Saor-sa reir meud do neirt. Saor - sa
That are de - signed to die. That are

s :l .t | d :- | l .d :-t | l .t :l | s .l :-s | l .s :f .l .s :f | f :m .f .r | r :-

reir meud do neirt
de - signed to die.

8.- STILT.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key G. { :f | m :f | s :s | s :l | s :m | d :r .m | f :- | f :s | l :s | f :m | r .m :f }

O Dhia a ta mi 'geigheach riut; O Dhia a
O Lord, I un-to Thee do cry; O Lord, I

f :s | l .s .l .s :f | f :m | r .m :f | m .f :s | f :m | r :m .r .d | r :-

ta mi geigh - each riut,
un - - - to Thee do cry,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m :f | s :l | s :- || f :m | r .,m :f | f :s | l :s }

Dean dei - fir ug - am fein, Dean dei - - -
Do Thou make haste to me, Do Thou

{ m .,f :s | l :s | f :m | r .,m :f | f .,s :l | s :- }

fir make ug - - - am fein,
make haste to me,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m :f | s :s | s :l | s :m | d :r .,m :f :- | f :s | l :s | f :m | r .,m :d }

Is tabh-air eisd-eachd fòs do m' ghuth, Is tabh - air
And give an ear un - to my voice, And give an

{ f :s | l ,s ,l ,s :f | f :m | r .,m :f | m .,f :s | f :m | r :m ,r ,d | r :- }

eisd - - - eachd fòs do m' ghuth,
ear un - - - to my voice,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m :f | s :l | s :- || f :m | r .,m :f | f :m | r :m ,r ,d }

'Ntrath ghlaodham riut 'am fheum. 'Ntrath ghlaodh - -
When I cry un - to Thee. When I

{ r :- | r :d ,r ,m | m :r | m ,r :d | l , :- | d :- }

am riut 'am fheum.
cry un - - - to Thee.

9.- FRENCH.

(ROSS-SHIRE VERSION).

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key F. { :f | m :f | s :-s | s :l | s :f.r | d .r:m | m :- | f :m | r .m:f }

Is toigh leam Dia, air - son gu'n d'eisd Is toigh leam
I love the Lord be-cause my voice I love the

{ m :f | s :l .s,f | m :r .m | r :- | d .r,m:r | r .m,r:d | d .r,m:r ,d | r .m :- }

Dia, air - son gu'n d'eisd
Lord be - cause my voice

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :s | s :s | s :l | s :-f(m) | m .f :s | l .s,f:m | d .r :-m | d .m,r }

Rim' ghuth's rim' uir-nigh fós, Rim' ghuth
And pray-ers He did hear, An pray - -

{ d :- | d .r :m | m :-f ,m | r .m,r :d | l .d :- | : }

's rim uir - - nigh fós,
ers He did hear,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :s | s :s | s :s | s :s | l :- | s :l | d :- | l .d :-t :l | t,l,t,l:s | s :- }

A chionn gu'nd'aome rium a chluas A chionn gu'n
I, while I live, will call on Him I, while I

{ s :l | s :l :t :l | s :l .s,f | m .f,s:l .s,f | m :r | m .s:l | s | s :- | : }

d'aom e rium a chluas,
live, will call on Him,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ s | s :s | s :l | s :-f (m) || m ., f :s | l .s, f :m | d .r :-m | d .m, r }

Sior eigh-eam ris ri m' bheo. Sior eigh -
Who bowed to me His ear. Who bowed

|| d :- | d ., r :m | m :-f , m | r .m, r :d | l .d :- | : ||

eam ris rim' bheo.
to me His ear.

10.- OLD LONDON.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key A. { r | r :r | r :m | f :s, f :m :- || r .m, f .m | f .m, r :m | r .m, f .m | f .m, r :m | r .m, f .m | f .m, r :m }

O'n doimhne, O Ie-ho-bhah Dhé, O'n doimh - ne,
Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried, Lord, from the

|| r .m, f .m | f .m, r :m | r :m, r | d :- | l .d | t, d, t, l | l ., t, d | r .m, r | r .m, f | m, r, d :r }

O Ie - ho - bhah Dhé.
depths to Thee I cried,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :r .m | f :f f :s, f :m :- || r .m, f .m | f .m, r :m | r .m, f .m | f .m, r :m }

Do ghlaodh mi riut-sa suas; Do ghlaodh
My voice, Lord, do Thou hear; My voice,

|| r .m, f .m | f .m, r :m | r .m, f .m | f .m, r :m | r :m, r | d .r, m, r | d :r | m :- ||

mi riut - sa suas;
Lord, do Thou hear;

Prec. *Cong.*

{ l₁.t₁.d | r : r | r : d | r : r | m : - | l₁.s | l₁.d | d : r.d | t : d.t | l₁.t : d.r.m | r : - }

Dhia, eisd rim' ghuth gu fur-ach-air, Dhia, eisd rim'

Un - to my sup - pli - cation's voice Un - to my

{ r.,m.f.m | r : m | r.,m.f.m | r : m | r.,m.f.m | r : m | r : m.r | d : r.m.r | d : r : m : - }

ghuth gu fur - ach - air.

sup - pli - ca - tion's voice.

Prec. *Cong.*

{ l₁.t₁.d | r : r | r : m | r : - | l₁.s | l₁.d | d : r.d | t : d.t | l₁.t : d.r.m | r : - }

'Srim' uir nigh crom do chluas. 'Srim' uir - - - nigh

Give an at - tent-ive ear. Give an at -

{ l₁.t₁.d | r : m.r.d | d : t₁ | l₁.t₁.d.r.m | f : - | m : - | r : d | r : - }

crom do chluas.

tent - - - ive ear.

11.- DUNDEE.

(SUTHERLAND-SHIRE VERSION).

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key { :m.s | l : l | l : s | l : t | l : -s || l : -s | m : -s | l : - | t : -d | t : l : s }

C. Tha ann an Si - on feitheamh ort, Tha ann an

Praise waits for Thee in Si - on, Lord, Praise waits for

{ l : -t | d : -t | l : -s : - | d : -t : - | l : -t | l : s | m : -f | s : - }

Si - on feith - eamh ort,

Thee in Si - on, Lord,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l .t | d' :d' | t :l .t | d' :- || d' :-r' | m' :r' .d' | d' :-r' | m' :f' .m' r' }

Mol - adh, a Dhé, gun dith, Mol - - - adh,
To Thee vows paid shall be, To Thee

{ r' :- | m' :r' .d' | d' :-t | l :-d' | r' :-d' | m' :r' .d' | l :-t | d' :- }

a Dhé, gun dith,
vows paid shall be,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l .t | d' :d' | t :l | l :t | d' :- || d' :-r' | m' :r' .d' | d' :-r' | m' :f' .m' r' | r' :- | m' :r' .d' }

'Sann duit a dhiol-ar fos gu pailt, 'Sann duit a
O Thou that hear-er art of prayer, O Thou that

{ r' :-t | l :-t | d' :-t | l :s | d' :t | l :-t | l :s | m :f | s :- }

dhiol - - ar fos gu pailt,
hear - - er art of prayer,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l .t | d' :d' | l :l .t | d' :- || d' :-t | l :-s | l :-t }

A bhoid mar gheall-ar i. A bhoid
All flesh shall come to Thee. All flesh

{ d' :-t | l :- | l :-t | l :-f | s :-f | m :-l | d' :-t | l :- }

mar gheall - - ar i.
shall come to Thee.

12.- MARTYRDOM.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key Bb. { .d | t₁ :- .d | r :- .r | r :- .m | r :- .d .l₁ || s₁ :- | d :- | - .l₁ | s₁ .l₁ : s₁ .f₁ | s₁ :- | l₁ :- }

Bhi tabh-airt buidh-each-as do Dhia, Bhi tabh airt buidh -
To ren - der thanks un - to the Lord, To rend - er thanks

Prec.

{ d :r | m :- | r :- | r :m .r | d :- | - :- | .d | r :- .r | r :- .m | r :- .m ||

each - as do Dhia, 'Sni sàr-mhaith mais-each e;
un - to the Lord, It is a come - ly thing;

Cong.

{ m :- | m .s :- | - :- | m :- .r | d :- | r :- | r :m | r :- | - :- m ||

'Sni sàr - - mhaith mais - each e;
It is a come - ly thing;

Prec. *Cong.*

{ .m | r :- .r | r :- .r | r :- .r | m :- .f || s :- .f | m :- | r :- | d .r :m .r | d :- | r :- }

Bhi tabh-airt cliu, O Thi a's àird', Bhi tabh - airt cliu.
And to Thy name, O Thou Most High, And to Thy name,

Prec.

{ r :m | f :m | - :- | r .m :r .d | r :- | - :- | .d | t₁ :- .d | r :- .m | r :- .m ||

O Thi a's àird', Do t'ainm-sa feadh gach-rè.
O Thou Most High, Due praise a - loud to sing.

Cong.

{ m :- | s₁ :- | l₁ :t₁ | l₁ .d :- | m :- | r :- | r :m .r | d :- | - :- }

Do t'ainm - sa feadh gach - rè.
Due praise a - loud to sing.

13.- BANGOR.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key D. { :f | s :-s | s :s | l :l | l :s || l :s | f :m | r ,m :s }

Mar thog - ras fiadh na sruth - an uisg, Mar thog - ras
Like as the hart for wa - ter brooks, Like as the

Prec.

{ r :m | s ,l :d | r' : l ,d :t | l :- :f | s :-s | l :l | l :s }

fiadh na sruth-an uisgh, Le buir-each ard gu geur,
hart for wa - ter brooks, In thirst doth pant and bray,

Cong.

{ l :s | s ,l :d | d' :t | l :s | m ,s :l :t | l :- }

Le buir - eadh ard gu geur,
In thirst doth pant and bray,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | s :-s | s :s | l :l | l :s || s ,l :d | r' :- l ,d :r' :f' }

Mar sin tha m'an-am plos-cart - aich, Mar sin tha
So pants my long-ing soul, O God, So pants my

Prec.

{ r' :- r' ,m' :r' ,d' | r' : l ,d :t | l :- :f | s :-s | l :l | l :s }

m'an - am plos - cart - aich. Ag eigh-each riut - sa, Dhe,
long - ing soul, O God. That come to Thee I may,

Cong.

{ s ,l :t :d' | r' :- l :s | f :m | r ,m :s | r :- }

Ag eigh - each riut - sa, Dhe!
That come to Thee I may!

14.- ST. PAUL'S.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key A. { *d* *:-d* *d* *:-l* *d* *:-r* *d* *:-d* *d* *:-r* *m* *r* *:-d* *r* *m* *:-r* *d* *s* *:-l* *d* ;

Bha aoibh-neas orm trath thubhairt iad, Bha aoibh - neas orm
I joyed when to the house of God, I joyed when to

Prec.

d *:-r* *:-m* *r* *r* *:-m* *r* *d* *:-l* *d* *:-d* *d* *:-d* *m* *r* *d* *d* *:-r* *m*

trath thubh - airt iad, *Gutigh Dhe theid sinn suas;*
the house of God, *Go up, they said to me;*

Cong.

m *:-r* *d* *r* *:-m* *s* *s* *:-m* *f* *:-m* *m* *:-r* *d* *r* *:-m* *:-*

Gu tigh Dhe theid sinn suas;
Go up, they said to me;

Prec. *Cong.*

r *d* *:-d* *d* *:-l* *d* *:-r* *d* *:-l* *d* *:-m* *:-r* *r* *:-d* *r* *m* *:-r* *m* *f* *:-m* ;

Addhorsuibh, O Ier-us - al - em, Ad dhors - aibh, O
Jer-us - al - em, with-in thy gates, Jer - us - al - em,

Prec.

m *:-r* *r* *:-m* *r* *d* *:-l* *d* *:-d* *d* *:-d* *r* *d* *:-l* *d* *:-l* ;

Ier - us - al - em, Ar cos - a seas-aidh fòs.
with - in thy gates, Our feet shall standing be.

Cong.

s *:-l* *d* *l* *:-s* *f* *:-m* *m* *:-r* *d* *r* *:-m* *r* *d* *:-l* ;

Ar cos - a seas - - aidh fos.
Our feet shall stand - ing be.

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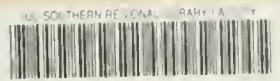
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